

PS
3511
•A89M3
1906

MARGUERITE

MARY HUESTIS FAWCETT





Class PS 3511

Book .A 89M3

Copyright N^o 1716

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

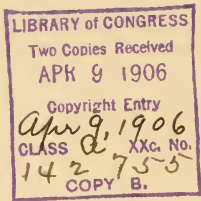
MARGUERITE
OR
THE QUAKER MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

BY
MARY HUESTIS FAWCETT

Author of Book of Poems, Etc.



CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1906



COPYRIGHT 1906

BY

MARY HUESTIS FAWCETT

To my beloved daughter, Mary Etta Scott, who has been a great comfort to me, and who is making my home happier and brighter this winter, I fondly dedicate this little volume.

MARY HUESTIS FAWCETT.

Mount Vernon, Iowa.

I tell you this story, as it was told me,
Though I tell it in rhymes
With their musical chimes
Sounding on to the land of "To Be."
Though its shadows are screening its mystical strife,
Till its sunshine and cloudland with beauty are rife,
It is real to me—it is real to life—
That crowns with its treasures,
Brings blessings and pleasures,
In bountiful measures
To you and to me.

PROEM.

I have been a lonely wanderer,
I have traveled mile by mile,
I have sat by many a hearthstone,
And have often listened, while
Stories strange have been narrated
By truth's lips, both young and old,
But the ones that touched me deepest
Never can in books be told ;
Yet there are some tender memories,
Brightening all my restful dreams,
That are mirrored on life's heaven
By the magic of time's streams,
As they ripple through the mysteries
Of the land of far away,
Bearing homeward murmuring echoes
That were silenced all the day ;
But the hush of darkness brings them
To our home, one winter night ;
In the background danced our shadows
By the wood fire's flickering light,
While we talked of noted authors,

Of their latest works and books,
When a fair and lovely maiden—
I will not forget her looks—
Very sweetly asked the question—
Her dark eyes with light aglow—
“Why not write another story?
Some will criticise, I know,
Yet the effort will be worthy,
And receive its meed of praise;
Never yet has lived an author
Whom all loved his works and ways.
Choose from life a noble hero,
And a guileless heroine;
Write it all in rhymes and verses,
Some sweet thought in every line;
Then it can but prove a blessing,
And will surely good impart—
Will awake a slumbering virtue
In some weary, fainting heart;
Play upon its quivering life-chords
With a skillful, pitying hand
Till its beauty reaches heaven,
By hope’s zephyrs softly fanned;
Lifting, thus, its aspirations
To a higher, nobler life,
Far above earth’s luring vices,
Far above its sordid strife.”

Then there came to me pure cravings,
In the fullness of my soul,
While I lived in worlds ethereal
Far beyond time's vast control,
Vainly longing I might picture
All my inward eye had seen
In the mystic land of visions,
With its winning, charming queen,
Where bright fancies soar unbounded
Through the realms of ideal thought,
Telling to the mind grand stories,
All with pleasing rapture fraught;
Blending wild and tender pathos,
The fantastic and sublime,
Shaping in a mold immortal
What belongs to heaven's clime.
All her words are ringing clearly
In my mind again tonight,
For I slighted inspirations
That had come with speechless might.
Once there came to me sweet visions,
That were graven bright and clear,
As I pondered, idly pondered,
By this selfsame window here.
I was standing in deep silence—
As I stand here now—alone—
Listening to the wind's loud wailing—

To its plaintive, murmuring tone ;
Pressing, in my feverish fancy,
My hot cheek against the pane—
Peering out in wistful silence
Far across the drear, white plain—
Thinking of the great world lying
Far beyond my longing sight ;
Dreaming of the scenes enacted
On the stage of life tonight ;
Toying with the mystic colors
That across the shadows play
Till they seem almost as real
As 'the actual beams of day ;
And there is a dreamy grandeur,
That within my soul is born—
Sweeter than the breath of evening,
Brighter than the rosy morn—
That seems filling all my being
With a sense of lingering love
For the living world around me
And the living God above,
While a soft and gentle breathing
Thrills my spirit once again ;
In the spell of its emotions
I take up my silent pen,
Vainly sketching lifelike pictures
Of each hearthstone in my dream,

As I see the distant homelights
Through the gloomy darkness gleam;
For they tell not whether pleasures
Crown the household where they shine,
Or if sadness mocks their brightness
Round the love-linked sacred shrine,
But are whispering of pure home joys,
As their luster softly glows,
Telling to my heart sweet stories
Of a tranquil, blest repose.
While they seem to light the pathway,
Down through memory's haunts again,
As I wander there in silence
Listening to her sweet refrain.
But, erewhile, I pause with wonder
By an idol, broken, old;
But I do not pause to worship
In its temple, dark and cold,
For it lies there covered over—
Not with flowers and golden sheaves—
But with buds all dark and blasted,
And a mass of withered leaves.
I had hidden there the talent
That I felt was truly mine;
I had buried it in silence
Underneath this blackened shrine.
I had heard a voice that whispered:

“Occupy until I come;”
Now below the earth and rubbish
It was lying chilled and dumb.
Years, with all their loves and sorrows,
And their richest wealth of thought,
Resting in the gloom and chaos,
With the gifts that time had brought.
Now, again, I hear the language:
“Let thy light in darkness shine—
Take the blessings God has given—
Use the talent that is thine.”
So the maiden finds the hero,
And the real heroine,
Sketched with living fact and fancy,
Some clear truth in every line.

MARGUERITE, OR THE QUAKER MINISTER'S
DAUGHTER.

THE MEETING.

I.

Along the aisle we pass where lowly feet have often trod,
And sit where agèd heads are bowed in reverent awe to
God;

Where fair young brows seem crowned with peace, in silent
worship there,

Where inspiration bears aloft our thoughts in holy prayer.

The minister arises soon and as his clear, full voice

Upon the solemn stillness breaks, souls inwardly rejoice.

Yet in his words a warning comes: "Be ye prepared for
death;

So live each hour, each day on earth, that when this mortal
breath

Shall be dissolved from these frail forms of animated clay,

The soul may dwell in endless bliss. Oh! therefore 'watch
and pray.'

For death may an unwary thief, or in the night-time come,

May stay the heart, may dim the eye, and bid the lips be dumb.

Let each one love his God—his neighbor as himself—and be Prepared to enter a blessed mansion in eternity.”

He dwells on the uncertainty of time—the tender love Of God for all mankind. Tells how He watches from above His trusting children here. And when the minister sits down

The light of heaven itself his dear face seems with grace to crown.

His daughter gazes on that face with tenderest thoughts. She feels

As if his sermon some strange truth—some mystery—reveals

Feels that the loving Master speaks through him, from His high throne,

To her—to these—to all His people here—to these alone.

II.

In the meeting is one, who has sat all the while
By the window that looks far across the low stile,
That leads over the path to the minister's home;
Yet he longs to be resting beneath the tall trees,
Where he often has sat, in the soft summer breeze,
With the minister's daughter. Has heard the low hum
Of the bees and the song of the birds overhead,
Smiling faintly he thinks of the words they once said,

It seems dull to be sitting here, close to the place
That is crowded with memories. A fair, lovely face
That he sees not, except in fond visions and dreams,
Is still haunting this spot—where reality seems
Living on through the future. Like Whittier's friend,
He will feel a relief when the meeting shall end.
He is longing to go from "this close, rude-benched hall,"
Where the "soft lights and glories" of heaven may fall.
He is listlessly looking from one charming face
To another, across the long aisles from his place,
He observes, sitting lonely, a maiden whose eyes
Are intent on the minister.

Happy surprise

Is the feeling that crosses his mind, but his heart
Beats the bars that imprison its warmth—while the tide
Of its life-current rushes its forces inside
Memories forte for new strength, yet finds naught to impart
To its powerlessness might, to loosen love's fetters,
While the past he still reads in that face in plain letters.
"She feels all the truth, all the force, of each word,
One would think it her own inspiration she heard"—
Was his comment when finished the sermon. In vain
His occult powers over her mind. He has striven
To bar the far gate to the stars where it soars
To grand heights, that he never can reach on these shores;
For he still cannot breathe in the air she will live in,
Its mysteries explore, nor its splendor obtain.

For her faith is a faith that is filled with God's love,
While her hopes are all anchored in heaven, above,
And telepathy never rides hobbies that dwell
In a spiritual land. Only mortal its spell.
Now—"The elders will shortly shake hands," he feels sure,
And the meeting will close. But a voice that seems pure
As an angel's, he thinks, breaks the silence in prayer,
Like a blest benediction it falls on the air;
A sweet peacefulness comes, with its blessing, from heaven,
To crown the sweet faith to these trusting ones given.

III.

Marguerite Allandale sees a stranger is there;
She, at first, noticed him when arising for prayer;
She glances across, when she starts from her place,
Admiration is stamped in the smile on his face,
That brings swiftly a tinge of rose-hue to her cheek,
As their eyes meet. She feels not the power to speak,
For she knows what he sees in that brief, telltale flush,
And is vexed and confused. Her next thought is to rush
Down the aisle, but remembers her father will grieve
Should she go. "It was rude," he would say, "thus to leave
This young man to his fate among strangers." He often
Has told her to greet the wayfarers and those
Who have come here to worship—if friends, or if foes.
She must ask them to go to their home. It will soften

Their hearts—give them faith—if she treats all as neighbors—

God surely will bless all his trust, all his labors
Of love, for Christ's sake—and the gospel's. He often
Reminds her that God still remembers the poor
And the rich—the saint and the sinner. The door
Of His mercy is open to all. It will soften
The hardest of hearts.

She resolves she will meet

This strange man, not a stranger to her, but a sweet,
Sad remembrance of days she has lived in the past,
When she thought that their sweetness forever would last.
So she waits at the door. When he comes down the aisle
She looks up—gives her hand—softly says, with a smile:
“I am happy to meet thee again. Wilt thou go
Home with father and me to dine—Doctor De Foe?”
He is pleased with her kindness and thanks her. In fact,
He is pleased with her genuine goodness and tact.
She possesses more beauty—more dignified grace—
Than adorned her fair girlhood and young, happy face.
Still he feels he has wronged her, although he knows pride
Has not kept him away, for it does not abide
In his heart. Yet a fate strong as time now will hold
Them apart. He reflects with remorse: “I am bold
To accept hospitality thus, at her hand,
Although often I came, in the past, to this land.
It is over five years since I went from this place,

And although I still look upon many a face
I remember—yet strangers I meet at each turn—
Ah! five years in college—with so much to learn—
In our lives, make great changes—make everything new—
And the friends that we once met and loved, are but few.
We are homestick and lonely, when absence is ours,
Yet such inconstant scenes weave immutable powers
Round the dear olden times, till we feel a regret
That their pleasures and gladness we ever forget.”

IV.

In the minister's home is a pure atmosphere
That is filling each nook with its blessings and cheer,
Ever freighted with peacefulness, pure as the breath
Of the flowers that cover the bosom of death;
Or, as sweet as the blossoms embalmed by the dew
That is showered through ether of heaven's own blue.
The good minister reigns in the realm of that home
All serenely, while purity seems its grand dome.
His dear wife, is the type of the virtues that beam
From her soul's peaceful windows, where sweet graces
gleam
On a shrine of rich jewels—the price of all good—
The true emblem of gentle and quiet womanhood.
Marguerite's crowning loveliness seems to excel
The clear, classical beauty that bards portray well.
She is modest, yet ever inspired with the fire

Of ambition that grants her the right to aspire
To a place with the noble, that blesses each maiden,
Who comes to the altar of goodness—well laden
With tokens of modesty, gentleness, grace,
And the sweetness that glows on a pure Christian face.

V.

When at dinner, the minister talks of their home,
Tells how glad they all are, thus to have their friends come
To partake with them often, the bounty that crowns
With rich blessings and welcome, their hearth and their
board.

“‘It is more blessed to give than receive,’ I have found,
Then the poor and the hungry have no cause for frowns—
With true charity gratitude’s thanks will abound—
The pure peace God bestows is my sweetest reward.”
In a pause he says quietly: “Doctor De Foe,
We have heard of thy prospect, and hope it is so,
That thou’lt soon have a home, and a nice little wife
Who will brighten thy hearthstone and comfort thy life.”
Had a storm-cloud burst then—with the crush of its woes—
Had he been forced to meet, face to face, dreaded foes—
More confusion, embarrassment, and their whole train
Of discomforts, need not to have crimsoned his face,
Than had now to his confident look given place;
For some interesting topic he ransacks his brain,
While he only remarks: “Yes, I hope it will be

The blest lot that kind heaven has still kept for me.”
Yet, his eyes he lifts not from his own dinner plate.
He fears Marguerite’s eyes will reveal a worse fate.
Quite determined to drift from this personal theme
To new subjects—he talks of inventions, of books—
The progression in science, in art, and the ways
They now utilize steam and electrical rays
For the need of the millions today. Then he looks
At the minister, saying: “Your sermon this morning
Conveyed to us all a true emphasized warning;
I ponder it over as one in a dream;
I was following closely the trend of your thought
Upon death. Was surprised, you so feelingly dwelt
On the need of a sure preparation for *one*,
Whose weak faith could not say that God’s will must be
done,
Before peace could come down to that heart. If I caught
The right meaning—some one who was there. It would
melt,
With its tenderness, hearts that were hardened in sin,
I am sure the ‘Great Spirit’ told the spirit within
Your own breast what to say. Well, I hope all who heard
It may profit thereby. I may need every word.”
“Yes, sometimes there are messages that the Lord sends
By his ministers here, to the ones he would reach
In his wisdom and love. Would his righteousness teach.”
“I believe it. My parents belonged to the ‘Friends.’

They seemed odd and peculiar. My faith was so dim
That their theories and forms were too simple, I thought;
I considered it only a custom and whim,
That they used the 'plain language' and dressed uniform.
My past prejudice now is all gone. I am warm
In my praise of their honesty, gentleness, deeds,
Know they worship in 'Spirit and Truth'—not by creeds."
"It is God's holy spirit that shows thee these things,
It will guide thee to fountains, whose living good, springs
From the depths of his love, that will fill thy whole heart,
And the peace it bestows the world cannot impart."
"You must speak from experience. Some day, I hope,
I can earnestly with you, in this matter, cope.
I believe your religion beyond tame dispute,
All your doctrines are truths that the wise can't refute.
All the women, I see, have the sweetest of faces,
Retirement and modesty always their graces;
I hear this remarked in different places
When traveling.

Happy am I now to own,
Their intelligence, surely, is often above
Ordinary. Their chief characteristic pure love
For all nations and people. The more I am thrown
Among these humble Christians, the more I am sure
They are right. They will take up their cross and endure
Martyrdom for Christ's sake, with a cheerfulness never
Here met among people who walk with the world,

While Truth's banner, by them, is forever unfurled,
And its fulness of peace from their faces oft shines.
Inspiration is felt in the force of these lines."

"When Inspiration calmly dips her gold-tipped pen

In wine-hued ink that pulses through the human heart
She thrills with rapture, and with awe, the souls of men,

And writes grand truths upon the living page of art."

All the while he is talking the minister listens

Intently. A tear in his eye softly glistens.

He speaks with the tenderest emotions of feeling

Regard. "Inspiration—the gentle revealing

That God's inward teaching and wisdom impart—

Only comes, by his spirit, to every man's heart.

So I think he has spoken to thee—and today—

From my text. Then, remember to watch and to pray."

This was all that he said as he rose to depart,

But a burden still rested, with weight, on his heart.

VI.

As the long afternoon wears its bright length away,

In the common routine of a sweet Sabbath day,

A true sense of enjoyment has come to them all,

And, in spite of the minister's thoughtless mistake,

All has surely gone well. He has promised to call

On a friend who is ill. He regrets he must make

This call now, he tells Doctor De Foe. "But before

I can go I must see if thy mother is ill;

She has gone in her own room to rest—Marguerite—
Thou wilt entertain Doctor De Foe until
I return. I will make my stay brief and will meet
Thee again, Doctor, when I come home.” At the door
He looks back and a hint of the feeling existing
Between them comes into his mind, thus enlisting
His pity. The thought Marguerite has done right
Is enough. From whence cometh her strength and her light
He knows well. Disappointment was hers in the past,
Yet her grief is not grief that forever will last,
For she always is cheerful, though now she is seeming
As if she were wrapt in a vision of dreaming.
They seem to have nothing, in common, to say,
From the subject so often their minds go astray.
He knows not, Marguerite is still thinking of him,
That his sermon has made other memories dim.
Marguerite, looking up, says: “Oh, Doctor De Foe,
I feel solemn today. Father’s sermon, I know,
Has impressed me so strangely. He surely has had
A presentiment lately. The thought makes me sad,
Yet I do not know why, when he is so cheerful.
Although he would never be gloomy, or fearful,
To know death would come to him this very night,
For his faith is so perfect and heaven looks bright.
We both think him perfection—dear mother and I—
Yes, I mean as near right as mortality is—
Where it daily is nourished by heaven’s own bliss;

Yet I almost weep now, when I think he may die.”
Marguerite, we must banish such thoughts. We must leave
To the future and God our sole fate. Why this eve,
He was looking so peaceful and happy. He may
Live for years—even longer than you—who can say?
There is little, I think, in traditions and signs;
They become much exaggerated, passing down lines
Of our worthy ancestors.

Perhaps they are true,
Yet they gain nothing good, when retold the world through.”
“Why, Julian! I am not upholding false views,
For a blest heritage with the Christians I choose;
Dost thou think I believe in the signs handed down
From the times of witchcraft—in some dark fabled town—
And in all the strange magical sorcery of old—
When the wizards were conjuring with tricks that were bold,
Wicked spirits to unveil future mysteries before
Their own eyes—showing all that would happen, and more?
Often making heart-wearisome paths for their feet,
By revealing far more of the bitter than sweet.
I am not superstitious, no, not in the least,
Neither like to Belshazzar—who sat at his feast
With a thousand great lords of his own mighty realm,
That he ruled with a powerful force at the helm—
Have I seen the ‘hand writing’ made plain on the wall,
That some evil, misfortune, or death will befall.
Yet a grave intuition has come to my mind.

But why call it 'telepathy?' For, we may find
Its miraculous origin comes straight from heaven,
And to mortals, on earth, in the past has been given,
Who by faith in God's power, and through him still believe
In the Word, that we only through him can receive.
The blessed Word, through the Comforter, comes upon
earth,
That our Savior once promised through His death and birth.
It consoles us and leads us to glorious light,
If we prayerfully walk on by faith—not by sight—
We will enter the 'Kingdom of God' through His love,
Knowing well of His peace, that comes down from above.
It not only will teach us of heavenly things,
But the rare inspiration of good, from which springs
All our blessings, our strength, and our will to do right.
Oftentimes it will grant us a fleeting insight
To the realm of true mysteries—hidden by sin—
From the ones who lack faith in the Guide found within
Our own breasts." "Let me say, Marguerite, I am sure
Every man is endowed with a conscience as pure
As are spiritual things. If we listen to this,
Its own teachings will guide us, we can't go amiss.
If we daily remember to watch and to pray—
As your father told me, since your meeting today—
Then our conscience will always dictate the right way.
We will never go far from the right path, I know,
And will feel heavenly freedom wherever we go,

While our duties we plainly and perfectly see."
"Oh, yes, Julian, our conscience is God-given, free,
And we thus are free agents to guide and control
Our own impulses, always, as soul speaks to soul,
Not as God gives his spirit to all who may ask
It. I think education will govern the task
That our conscience oft sets us. Sometimes we will enter
Those questionable places, where sin is the center
Of all that we view. At the first, we may shrink
That our garments should trail on temptation's rough brink;
Yet ere long, by degrees, we grow used to these things,
And the prickings of conscience will lose half their stings.
It becomes thus depraved by environments, till
We will trust our blind natures to lead us at will.
If we are not incited to yield unto vice,
Standing firm for the right whatsoever the price,
We will find conscience then a reliable guide,
Always in its dictations more safely abide."
He has only half heard the last words she has said,
Yet his face is a study she hardly divines;
She is measuring its meaning by parallel lines
Of lost hopes in her heart that reach out from the dead
To the living.

Hopes chilled by the cold hand of fate,
That has knocked loud and long at the door of each heart,
That had closed on the dreams it once crushed. Soon, or
late,

The last trust would have died. Now the crisis has come.
The old hopes are reviving—that still dwelt apart
On love's shrine—where we lay memory's ponderous tome;
As they look on its pages, each one feels the power
Of new life, that will fill the new dreams of each hour,
When once more their sad hearts will be vital again,
Where hope's buds will still open and bloom, not in vain.

VII.

"Oh! this beautiful day—in this dreamy June weather—
It binds all our dreams and our soul-thoughts together.
Marguerite, you remember when last I was here
It was winter—the very last month of the year.
We were awed with the grandeur of everything then,
Though no mortal could sketch it with brush, or with pen;
Ice! Ice! Everything icebound from treetop to lawn."
"Julian, could I forget such a beautiful dawn
To a new world as I, in the morning, beheld?
All the arts in the universe, nature could weld,
Without heat, without light, with the help of no hand
Save Omnipotent Power.

She could cover the land
With rich patterns of loveliness, stronger than ties
That bind hearts. Dead and cold as the trust, in them lies,
Yet more ready to melt into pureness." "I doubt
That last thought—though it truly is worthy your brush,
Marguerite. You could paint the world's turmoil, or hush,

Paint its sorrows, or joys." "Julian, I would leave out
More than half of each one and do sadly the rest.
The pen-picture I made of that ice scene, my best,
And it very imperfect." "Oh, Marguerite, read
Me the poem. Let me be the judge." "Thou'lt mislead
Me and make me believe it is good. All the same
I will read it if only thou'lt give it a name."
"I suggest this one now. The Imprisoned World.
Yet its pennons and streamers, clear-fringed, were unfurled
In God's sunlight that bright New Year's day." "It is
fine,
Julian. Wait till I write here that new title line.
I composed one short stanza the eve of that day—
Crowning day—of a year that brought unforeseen changes;
Yet God for us all, in His wisdom, arranges;
Gives blessings and sorrows His own better way."

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

"THE IMPRISONED WORLD."

From off the lakes a cold wind blew,
The sun behind the clouds withdrew;
From out the inky darkness poured
The rain. The flushed creeks roared;
Then colder blew the northern blast,
The raindrops hardened thick and fast,

Till nature wore a silvery sheen
That covered every hint of green
The frost had left behind.

More beautiful than fairies' hands,
Could hang their film-like mists around ;
The rain and sleet their crystal bands
About the powerless trees soon wound,
While every weed and spray of grass,
Were locked in homes of glistening glass,
Secure from winter's wind.
The clouds with gloomy darkness frowned
Upon the scene their work had crowned ;
The new-clothed world imprisoned lay
Begirt by zones of darkest day
Before the night came down.
Unweary winds unceasing moaned,
Each burdened treetop sighed and groaned
Beneath its load ; while everywhere
Crash after crash rent all the air
And echoed far around.

From hill to vale—from vale to hill—
From forest to the mountain rill—
Till marvelous awe reigned over all,
As branch by branch would creak and fall
From many a storm-worn tree,

Before the morning's cold gray dawn
The clouds, in silence, had withdrawn,
And lo! the moon, upon her throne,
Beheld a thousand moons that shone
As on a silvery sea.

NEW YEAR'S EVENING.

The sun's last rays now lightly fall
In lingering beauty over all
Earth's splendor. To the icebound trees,
That lift their tall tops to the breeze,
They tell a wondrous story
Of sunset in some heaven-born land—
Of opals rare, of rubies grand—
That seem like fires kindled there,
Afar off in the upper air,
Amid rich gems of glory.

"Marguerite, they are beautiful—taking me back
To that sunset that lies on life's joy-bestrewn track.
May the western skies now, with their glorious light,
Gild a pathway for me, with a future more bright."

VIII.

Marguerite sees the grandeur that makes earth look bright,
On the mountains of bliss, in June's soft balmy light,

Rising off the pure mist, from the valley of tears,
That has mirrored the clouds and the stars of the spheres.
Oftentimes, when a soul has been saddened by doubt,
Memory sketches blessed pictures of each sacred scene,
Printing coyly the words that were said—in between
The sweet smiles, the dear hand-clasps, and all. While
 throughout,

In bright letters that never can fade, the soul reads
All the past with delight. Even though the heart bleeds—
Though the teardrops will start. For, far sweeter the days
Stored away in that magical, mystical world,
Than the ones destiny now with her brushes portrays,
With their duties and sorrows forever unfurled.
We would rather live over those bright vanished years—
Crowded brimful of joys—rather sigh for their bliss—
Than to dwell in the present and evermore miss
All their sweetness. Though dimmed, ever dimmed, by
 fate's tears,

Thrilled with pain, all these memories come to our sight,
With their coloring untarnished, their hopes fondly bright.
It is well, we can dream of a spot ever green,
When so many gray clouds hide the flowers between.
Then sometime, in the future, when memory's brush
Paints these days, we may pause at their shrine with a hush,
While she reverently brings from her casket, the gems
That are starring her scenes, and her prized diadems.

IX.

Wearied days have gone by with the past daily hid,
In their rush, and their greed, by fate's cold coffin lid;
The full weight of their burdens—not crowded with strife—
But, aweary with watching has saddened her life.
Patient peacefulness keeping time's lines from her brow,
Purely tranquil and calm as the skies even now.
Framed in by rich screens, of the pines, from the sun,
Marguerite sits, in thought, on the couch nature spun
Long ago—reading backward life's leaves—one by one—
Looking far to the sun's Orient gate, and afar
Through life's haze to the gateway of girlhood's fair dawn.
With its dreamy hours reaching to sunset's gold bar.
Yet the sweetness with which they were freighted is gone.
Though their breath cools the fever-tints these memories
make.

And the ghost of a smile lights her face for their sake—
For the blessings and joys they ungrudgingly gave.
The soft wind gently coaxes the rose-tree to wave
Its low branches aside, so the sunbeams may burnish
The gold of her silken brown hair, while they furnish
The jewels that hide in its waves. As the breeze
Tosses cruelly its tangles, they nestle in these.
Julian watches her gladly—though his are the eyes—
That look on through futurity—thoughtful and wise.
Lying low on the grass at her feet, with his face

To the sunset—that finely-cut face. Neither time,
Nor pain's etchings, have left there a trace,
Save a thoughtfulness, graver, perhaps, more sublime.
There are smiles that have birth in a realm of lost bliss,
Shining still from the soul. Though its windows were
dimmed

By grief's mist—they were oft-times with peace pleasure-
rimmed—

Often glistening with shower-drops heaven made clear—
To keep brighter the mirrors of love, when we miss
Its divine inspiration to sweeten our days—

Miss its holiest gleanings to gold-top the haze—

And to crown every month of the hope-cheated year.

When we walk with the host, some will laugh, some will
jeer,

Though we silently go our lone way without fear,

Never seeing the souls that are hidden away

In the bosoms of those whom we walk by each day.

When their recklessness screens only sorrow and doubt,

From the ones who see only their lives from without.

The dark clouds—rain-bow tinted though often they be—

Shut away the bright dawn of a day we would see.

It is dimmed by the smoke-films and rubbish of this

Feverish world, whose strange dreamers play on to a crowd

That sees only mirages, nor hears in its rushing, the loud,

Never-ceasing sad voices that sound from the stage,

Where the actors rehearse every scene of the age.

In the which we have lived. Still the voices. The curtain
Has fallen forever. A smile, as uncertain
As these, is enriching the luster of Doctor De Foe's
Speaking eyes—that are telling to hers the dim woes
That have brought to his life weary heartaches she never
Has guessed—when he speaks of the days gone forever.
“Marguerite, does this soft, balmy air and this sweet
Day in June not remind you of one in the past,
Where the fairies seem walking with golden-shod feet,
And where roses were blooming for you and for me?
The deliciously rich-scented breezes set free
Their fair petals and showered them low at our feet.
I remember your beautiful braids were as sweet
With their fragrance as now. What a halo was cast
Over all—even into our hearts—by the blue,
Where the sunshine from fleecy clouds shyly peeped through.
You recall it, Marguerite, for your face tells the story;
It transmits, from its beauty, that far away glory.”
“Ah! yes, Julian De Foe—I remember it well,
For it laid on my life an unperishing spell,
While such fond hopes were born in its trust-scented breath,
I can silence their memory only in death.
Yet I must not go back—no—not even in dreams,
In a pathway where magical happiness beams,
For to reach it I pass over dangerous ground,
Where the treasures, once mine, in the dust I will find;
Yet immortal the faith, in the sky-towering mound,

That to heaven my soul through the future will bind.
In that mound is enshrined the dim chaos of years,
All their hopes reaching out to Eternity's spheres.
I recapture their gleams from the fountain of peace;
I know well, in their fullness, my heartache shall cease,
Even though I may wander alone—with my God—
Down a pathway that feet less courageous once trod.”
“Marguerite, how I crave such soul-strength to attain,
To look upward and onward through bondage and pain;
You, a more bitter lot than is mine, cannot know;
My lone fate will seem cruel wherever I go.
All the fault is my own—no one else is to blame—
For if yours is the victory, mine is the shame;
Yet I cannot be happy, can never be glad,
With the thought I have wronged you—that you, too, are
sad.

Marguerite, you may think all the old love has died,
That I come with a dearth of its wealth to your side.
From the beautiful verses that Whittier wrote
There is one stanza comes to mind I will quote:

“‘For in our mutual suffrance lies
The secret of true living;
Love, scarce is love, that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.’

“‘I forgive’—those two words would be sweet to my soul
As the years from creation's vast sources unroll.
I believe, in each one—with its numberless blessings—

Were traces of Eden. The balmy caressings
Of zephyrs that swept it, would yet bring its bliss,
While I realized fully I still lived in this
World of actual happenings."

"Julian, why come
To unfold all the past to my sight? My dear home
Is now bounded by orchard, by hilltop, and glen,
Looking out to no city with rushing of men.
Thou hast compassed strange lands—thou hast sailed on
rough seas—

Oft thy face has been fanned by the tropical breeze;
Thou hast found many maidens whose love is for thee—
Thy own heart is now fettered—can never be free.
When for thee some one waits—unseen powers tell me this—
Wouldst thou leave her to add to thy own selfish bliss?
To unite severed ties? To rekindle the flame
That burns low on faith's hearthstone, yet burns on the
same?

Though oft cooled by mistrust—though oft watered by
tears—

It has never been quenched by the burden of years."
"Marguerite, your own words reveal all you can see—
Your own heart, from its fullness, speaks sweetly to me.
I had craved for some message, or token, to tell
You remembered the olden times, fondly and well;
Now, reposing, in silence, on dreams of the past,
Are the rose-tints of love—with its bliss overcast."

. X.

“There is joy that can glamour the scenes of this earth—
That can come to a man only once from his birth;
The pure joy that he feels when he comes to the woman
He loves—with a love more divine than seems human;
When gladly she opens the door of her heart,
Where he finds, in its temple, the love once a part
Of his life, locked away in a separate shrine,
Where the purest and tenderest of memories live—
When she says: ‘All the wrongs of the past I forgive;
All your sorrows, your pleasures, your fate, shall be mine.’
It is then that true happiness makes in his breast
An immortal abiding place—free from the taint
That embittered suspense. When each day brought a
sorrow
That seemed lifelong—making drearily sad every morrow.
To feel, after all this cold strife, he may rest,
Brings a glory earth sketches—yet heaven must paint.”
“Ah! yes. ‘Heaven must paint.’ Could she color these
scenes
With a purity, Julian, such as she screens?
With the pencil of truth—which she always must hold—
Could she paint with her pureness the past, when unrolled?
Imperfections belong not to heaven. Omniscient
Her vision. Her wisdom and lore all-sufficient.
Would she smile upon me to defend what she never

Could sanction, in truth? Could she honestly sever
The tendrils now binding thy heart to another?
Ah, no! Thou canst only to me be a brother.
Then hie thee away to the one thou hast given
Thy love, wouldst thou merit the favors of heaven!
She is trusting thy honor—she thinks thou art true;
Then let heaven embalm the full pledge with her dew.
Let the love that reigns there renew yours, day by day,
For that love is omnipotent—God rules in power;
He will never forsake you—but bless you each hour.”
“You are right, Marguerite. For more strength I must
pray—

You must pray. I will go to the girl whom I sought,
Yet with bitter remorse will my victory be bought.
No, I must not say ‘sought’—for I came to a home
That was pure as my own—when I wandered one night—
I was weary and worried, felt sad and alone,
I had left you—and all that was dear.

Then, to roam
With a heartache, for which time can never atone,
Keeps a guilt-stricken conscience forever in sight.
In that home I found all to make earth look more bright—
Sincere friends, with their hearts steeped in immortal love
From perpetual fountains of peace from above—
Yes, a home full of pure hospitality’s cheer,
While each one round the hearthstone to each seemed most
dear.

They all petted and humored my deep, hidden woe,
Though its weight was a burden they never could know,
For its balance afar in your heart had its goal.
Marguerite, all their kindness I felt, in my soul,
To be pity, because I was suffering the pain
That my own thoughtless error enforced. It is plain
To me now that we take people's sympathy, wrap
It in doses of trust to cure conscience, mayhap,
When they never once feel that their innocent arts
Will alleviate pain born in foolhardy hearts;
When they have not one clew to our grievance—at best—
Just our own deep convictions put truth to the test.
So it was with my heart. I was paying in shame
The true penalty love will enforce, when her name
Has been dragged through thick doubt and mistrust,
And her white plumes of peace have been trailed in fate's
dust.

Yet its cloud dipped so low that it misted my eyes
With the breath of a dream that behind it would rise,
Crowning all with bright visions of rapturous joy
That would come, as they once did, when I was a boy;
And the scene of our parting I viewed at the last
As a shadow that time would with bliss overcast."
"It is strange, Julian, time could so glamour the past,
For it turns all its edges, with care, to the light—
Points its arrows of pain at our breasts, where still throb
Love's own quivering chords that with agony sob.

Time will soothe, yet it never can heal, I am sure,
For it only will ease till we calmly endure.
When thou went'st from our home on that bright winter
day

I regretted the things I could never unsay.
As thou passed our own threshold I said to my heart :
'He may never come back—why so coldly thus part ?
Why not speak a kind word—ask him now to forgive ?
Even though he may never admit he is wrong,
Do the right, and true happiness then will belong
To thy own, and, perhaps, to his heart, while you live.'
But my tears swelled the tide of my grief till it lay
At the floodgate of turbulent strife in my breast,
Waiting, eager to leap to my soul's mirrored rest,
And there, speechless with darkness, to cloud hope's last
ray."

"Marguerite, I remember how sad you seemed then.
Did you think I was worse than were most other men ?
You condemned, then, irreverent habits of mine
And considered them vices. My words you divine ?
The bare thought that you knew them reproached me. Your
charge

I resented. Deep down in my heart, well I know,
Was repentance. I only affected to show
How I scorned that my virtues—which seemed to me large—
Should be questioned by you. So I drifted away,
Thinking absence, unmerited doubt, would repay.

Then you know that the one we love truest and best
Is the one we will try to doubt most. We will test
Their true love with a seeming mistrust. We exact,
And expect to receive from them greater esteem.
To our ways they must meekly submit. Have they lacked
In our sight, they have erred—must be wrong. Then we
deem

That their actions, or words, that deserve not our praise
Are unjust. They must pay deeper homage—must even
Bow down to our rights—as they bow down to heaven—
And an altar of reverent penitence raise
If we think that they do not appreciate truly
Our merits and worth. We all know ourselves better
Than others can know us. We think that unduly
We censure their ways. Their pet hobbies we fetter,
Unjustly, in cells of our own knowing brains,
Giving to our own wisdom the merciless reins;
Yet, we, really, are not half so bitter and cold
As we seem. For, in truth, we lose none of the old
Trusting love. Our full hearts yearn for freedom to live
As we once did and say: 'I forget and forgive.'"
"Hadst thou only said this on the night that we parted
We both had been happier, and I, lighter hearted."

XI.

"The same spring I left Medical College, Marguerite,
An old chum—fellow student—desired me to meet

Him in Germany. So, I crossed over the ocean;
We felt for each other a brother's devotion.
We studied abroad, but a deep longing, then,
Thrilled my being and soul to see you once again.
I was prompted by love to seek you, and your home,
For without you it seemed truly bitter to roam.
Then, I still had a hope that for me, and me only,
Your own heart was beating with warm steady glow,
For I daily was thoroughly homesick and lonely."
"Oh! that is the way with you men; you can wander
Around this vast globe. You can study, and find
Fleeting scenes and vocations—a change for the mind—
While a woman must wonder and wait—must still ponder
The same dreary scenes ever over and over.
She soon will grow gray with the worries that hover
Above her to darken, like clouds, all the light."
"Marguerite, I am sure that I have not done right,
Yet I never have sinned in your sight—this I know—
Nor in God's—nor disgraced my own name. I can show
To the world a pure record. Except, it is sin
To court favor and love—to try ever to win
The affections—unless, in the sight of kind heaven,
We truly reciprocate all that is given.
For companions I sought the most noble and good;
In the church with true Christians I often have stood.
Oh! I would not have wronged you in thought, word, or
deed,

Yet I come to the part that will make my heart bleed.
In a sweet home I found, on another June day,
A fair, beautiful girl, whom to know was to love
In a purely unselfish and brotherly way.
I thought, then, I would honorably, gallantly prove
There were others as lovely and good as were you,
Who were proud to have me at their side. It is true
I was very unhappy. I found that she loved
With devotion sincere. Her fidelity proved
The fond dreams of her heart, while her spirit with bliss
Overflowed. The sore burden that tortured my breast,
Grieved my conscience until it could never find rest.
Had my words not inspired her—I feel sure of this—
I could bear my woe better. She often mistook
Me. Would misunderstand. Would interpret my meaning
With earnestness never intended. Each look
Was a glory to her. Do not think I am screening
Myself. Yet to tell her, and blight her fond dreams,
Was a pitiful task I deferred, day by day,
Till she thought that my pity was love. Oh, it seems
All a fanciful vision. My mind was away
With you, dear, yet she knew not its thoughts nor my pain.
That she loved with devotion she knew. All in vain,
My resolves to enshroud all her fancies with gloom,
Thus to blight all love's dreamings with shades of the tomb.
She will pray on forever that God will bring home
The dear one who afar from her shelter did roam—

Who has come now to you to confess all these wrongs—
To ask pity from you whose forgiveness belongs
To the lone, heartsick wanderer—forever unblessed—
If you send me from *you*, where alone I find rest.”
Marguerite feels such pity—such love in her heart—
When he closes this sentence she longs to impart
All its tenderness, full of lost hopes, blighted dreams—
Let him see that her life is not all that it seems.
Yet, she only says: “Julian, thou hast not the right
To ask *me* now to make thy lot happy and bright,
Should it even bless me.” “Marguerite, you must hear
All my story. My heart—when it felt heaven’s fear—
Saw life’s rights and its wrongs. All those vices I loathed
That I once had upheld—once in virtue’s garb clothed—
And the spirit of charity over them threw.
I was one, among many professors, I knew,
Who were seeming, and claimed, to serve God in the sight
Of the church, of the world, who had thought these things
right.
They seemed hidden behind Christianity’s laws,
While religion had feigned to be blind to their cause.
Marguerite, I can never—no, never—explain
My contrition of heart—for all words are in vain.”
“Do not think that my life has no pity. It can
Still forgive, Julian, for its true tenderness ends
With this vibrating breath that keeps warmth in my heart’s
Pulsing wound, that began where the lone teardrop starts,

From a pain that time never, in truthfulness, mends.
Yet, Julian, we ought not to speak of the past,
For we stand far apart—dauntless fate's cruel blast
Harshly rending asunder our lives—far and wide.
A deep, yawning abyss must forever divide
The unknown, separate pathways our feet now must tread;
Our fond hopes have been crushed and are seemingly dead;
They have been long in dying, yet now from my life
I will cast their cold corpse and this burdensome strife—
Will be happy, once more, in the thought thou art glad
In the love of a true Christian wife, whose caress
A just God will with purified penitence bless.
Oh! if heaven shall keep thee I cannot be sad.
Julian, go!—and be true to the good—to the best
In thy life. With the valiant stand truth's equal test.
I will say to my own heart, 'Be brave to the end.'
This my prayer, 'May God bless thee and keep thee, my
friend.' ”

XII.

Where the slim-fingered leaves of the murmuring pines
Form a shade for the beautiful flowering vines
The bedewed morning-glory, with trumpet-shaped cup
Is now lifting its delicate face shyly up
To the face of the minister—pondering there—
On the leaves of a book blown about by the air
That is wafting the fragrance and sweet-perfumed breath

Of the flowers to a maiden. Almost still as death
She is watching the face of her father with fear :
"Can a radiance like this ever bless us and cheer
Us on earth? Can a brow that can feel the rude breeze
Of a sin-tainted world wear such glories as these?
Surely father is going from all these loved scenes
To a bright home in heaven. That now intervenes
Numbered hours between this changeful world and the next.
Still his face is so happy—his mind unperplexed—
He is just passing over with no doubts or fears ;
His sure confidence dims, to his vision, our tears ;
Yet his life is so lovely we almost can see
His pure soul going out in the unknown 'To Be.' "

XIII.

The far sunbeams grow fainter for daylight is fading
They reach through the window's dense glory and shading
Of odorous green. They are silently weaving
The shadows with lacings of gold, and are leaving
Their daintily-wrought patterns of tapestried skill,
Over carpet and wall as they waver at will.
By invisible powers they weave their own story,
In silence rewrite it with time's fleeting glory.
They paint china and glass with an exquisite grace,
Coily coaxing bright nettings of delicate lace
To adorn the white cloth on the table. The face
Of the minister, even, is wearing their gold

With a dignity quiet and serene, as of old,
As he sits with his daughter beside him at tea.
When he speaks of his blessings, so ample and free,
His fine face wears a gratitude, Marguerite feels,
To be filled with the tenderness which he reveals.
“Oh, my father will leave us I, intuitively, know ;
I already am feeling a sense of this woe.
My dear mother is feeble—is passing away—
We have known this a year—not a month or a day—
So I must not unburden these strange thoughts to her ;
Yet these feelings my whole being momentarily stir,
For I have, for my father, a daughter’s fond pride,
Beside others, I find his pure good magnified.
I think, too, he is pondering some powerful theme—
He is daily absorbed in the mist of a dream—
Through which gleams the pure beauty of heavenly things
From the Infinite Love, from which every love springs,
If his face is prophetic of thoughts.” She is thinking
Of him—of her mother—while memory is linking
The past with the present—while fancy is scanning
The future with hopes that bring joy in their planning.
As if both are inspired by some strange magnetism ;
As if soul faces soul, crystal clear, in a prism,
The brown eyes meet the eyes of dark gray, and the soul
Reads the soul, in a mystical sense, as unroll
Hidden Visions. If kinship of souls is existing
In beings terrestrial—where mind speaks to mind—

In father and daughter this power is assisting
Each soul to portray what each soul has divined.
"Marguerite, hast thou noticed how feeble, of late,
Thy dear mother is growing? I glance at her plate—
There it is empty. Vacant her chair. Could she only
Sit with us how bright it would seem. Yet how lonely
Without her. How sweet this communion of hearts
We enjoy—just we two. If dear mother departs
To her rest soon—before I am summoned to go—
I will have no one left here but thee, my dear child.
Thou hast been a kind, dutiful daughter, I know,
Always good to us both—always gentle and mild
With thy mother through all. Thou wilt never forsake
Her, my darling, if I should be called over there,
And she still should remain here with thee. My heart's
prayer—

What God sends to submissively, reverently take,
Though I gladly will care for you both. Yet we still
Will all bow to his mandate—our duties fulfill.
I will go to her room and remain there an hour.
Dear, should Ernest call, say I will wait till this shower
Is over, before I can go down to meet
Our old friends. Marguerite, keep a watch down the
street."

XIV.

The rain ceases, the sun shines, the birds sing; all is bright.
Marguerite shortly sees several men come in sight,

At her mother's own door she raps lightly and hears
A low voice saying: "Come, Marguerite." Though she
fears

To disturb them she enters the room. That blest sight!
Oh, how sweet to behold them in this lovely light!
There they sit—just those two—both so dear to her life—
The dear husband and father—the dear mother and wife.
She will never forget, to the end of her days,
That sweet picture of peacefulness—purer than snow;
But she kisses each brow and says: "Father must go;
Our friends wait at the door." With a smile he delays.
Could the clock but have stopped at that last happy hour;
Could the sun, to stand still, have been given the power,
Then could Marguerite gaze on that picture sublime,
Without numbering the moments, or thinking of time.
Only a memory, now, must portray that pure scene;
It is mirrored in heaven, but not on earth's sheen;
Yet she watches her father with joy, filled with gloom,
As he quietly goes, with slow step, from the room—
Hesitates at the door, saying "Marguerite, dear,
I have something to tell thee that soon thou must hear."
If he only would speak—only talk to her then—
Sadly sighing she sees him go on with the men.
She is wringing her hands with an ominous dread
When she hears, with a shudder, the low, feeble tread
Of her mother, as, slowly, she comes to her side.
They are watching her father with feelings of pride

As they look in each other's dim, sorrowful eyes,
And read there the same thoughts with a sense of surprise.

XV.

Marguerite's lovely spirit is filled with that light
That makes fairer her face, from the dawn till the night,
But while stitching her needlework silently there
By the window—the gold of the sun on her hair—
Her brown eyes look through pearls from the fountain of
tears,

Till the thread on her cloth too uneven appears.
“With the dusk of the room my sad mind surely blends,
And my father will soon be at home with his friends.
Everything is now ready—’tis time they should come—
I will open the sash—let the sun light the gloom.”
Then outside her low window she trembles to hear :
“Your poor father is hurt—very badly, I fear.
He still lives—his breath comes—that is all.” Marguerite—
Though with faltering strength from her heart's palsied
beat—

Listens, then, to the story the man has to tell,
Though grief's throbs in her bosom tumultuously swell.
“From the new railroad bridge that is close by the mill,
Down where everything else seemed so lonely and still,
When the train started on I heard cries of despair
Coming over the hills on the evening air ;
I knew something was wrong and was hastily speeding

To where your own father lay mangled and bleeding.
He stood by the track, and was still very near,
When the cars passed him by. He then stepped to the rear
When he thought they were gone, for he was not aware
That the same train would back, as it were, in a flash.
His friends there could do nothing but warn him and stare,
Yet their shouts were too late—all at once came the crash.
Marguerite, you must come—he is lying there now—
The chill damps gathering fast on his pale lips and brow;
With a prayer, and your name, on his faltering breath,
He is passing adown the lone valley of death.
He was asking God's blessing to crown your dear head—
That you comfort your mother when he should be dead.
There was something that seemed to be worrying his mind
About you. Yet he lay there so calm and resigned,
Though he feared that your mother would sink with the
shock."

Marguerite puts her finger upon her dumb lips,
Thus to silence the speaker. Then softly she trips
From the house and thus speaks: "Take this key and un-
lock

Yonder door. Go and stay with my mother, but, oh!
Do not mention my father. Full well do I know
This great sorrow will crush her frail form to the dust."
She asks God for more strength—for in Him will she trust.
With a prayer in her heart she goes down the long streets
Till the men, bearing home her dear father, she meets.

They put down the rude stretcher on which he is lying.
She kneels at his side and says: "Father is dying."
His eyes speak, as he opens them, "Yes." Marguerite
Lays her cheek against his—it is pale as his own.
She then chafes his cold hands, while a heart-breaking moan
Gives grief's language to tears. Well, she knows that he is
On the brink of the grave. As her white lips meet his
She says, softly: "Oh, father, dear, soon we may meet
Over there. Yet I still have a hope thou wilt be
Better soon? That thou'lt stay here with mother and me."
Yet his answer is only a heavenly smile;
She sees plainly his strength is fast waning, the while
He is trying to talk. He has something to tell
Her. Oh, if he could speak. She feels sure "all is well."
Though she knows his fond words she will never more hear,
Yet unfaltering her efforts to comfort and cheer
Him. This grief grinds the life from her heart—
This fierce pain seems as if it were rending apart
Her own breath from its casket of clay. Then the men
Help her rise and bear onward their burden again.

XVI.

At the minister's home, the men lay him with care
On his own easy couch. Then a low, whispered prayer
Breaks the stillness. The wife kneeling there by his side
With clasped hands—with dim eyes staring stone-like and
wide—

Asks for strength. Marguerite—though her own heart is
breaking—

Will comfort her mother—not even forsaking
Her side for a moment—although she is white,
Almost ready to faint with the sickening sight,
As the surgeon examines the wound. Marguerite—
Always guarding her father's true happiness well—
Quietly watches his face. His sad eyes quickly tell
To her own—in a moment of time—as they meet
By the sufferer's side, that her father must die;
Yet this knowledge, to her, he would gladly belie.
Full of hope was the look he had tried to assume,
Yet his pity told all when he entered the room.

XVII.

In the minister's home—through its beautiful rooms—
From the blossoms outside steal the sweetest perfumes
That are waiting in silence, as if with their breath
Of unwarmed loveliness—as unfeeling as death—
They could hold him aloof as he stands in the gloom
Leading out to the darkness that fathoms the tomb.
For, there, Marguerite's father is lying, all white,
In the haze of the twilight and stillness of night.
The low sun's dimming rays cast a lingering glory
Around—lighting still his pale face and his hoary
Hair—white as the foam that hides by the rock
When the sea is lashed wildly by billows that shock

All the life in its depths. So, in Marguerite's breast
Heave emotions of pain so intense in their beating,
It seems her frail life is before them retreating;
That nevermore here will she find soothing rest.
As she watches the surgeon, who dresses the wound
Of her father, from which slowly flows to the ground
His warm life blood, she feels it will drag from her breast
All its feeble pulsations.

Almost for the rest
Of the grave she is longing. Ah! no; she will yet
In brave silence be strong. Could she only forget
What the past brought of joy. This her prayer: "Forgive
Me, dear Lord, for my heart is so crushed. Let me live
For the sake of my mother, to do Thy blessed will;
But, oh! say to this tumult of grief, 'Peace—be still.'"
As her father, once more, lifts his eyes to her own
She sees quickly the light and true peace that alone
Are prophetic of death. This her sweetest reward:
A fond smile, trustful look, that commit to the Lord,
And to Marguerite's care, her dear mother. At last
All is over forever. Behind them the past—
The dear past—with its pleasures and cares,
Yet they think not of this; just the present is theirs.

XVIII.

Marguerite must rely on her own futile power
For the aid she is craving in this needful hour.

She must soften this grief for her mother. Must lull
This keen anguish with comforting words that are full
Of the might that belongs to the strongest and bravest—
Belongs not to souls bowed in pain—with the gravest
Of fears for their dearest. She walks sadly, blindly,
The verge of a sorrow that never can heal,
Whose fierce thorns pierce her feet with a pain she must feel
To the end of her days. Should she stumble she knows
On which side of the brink she will fall, yet she goes
With calm face to her mother. The surgeon is kindly
Requesting her aid. Marguerite leads the way
To her mother's own room, while they tenderly lay
Her to rest, with a silence as deep as their grief.
Special orders the doctor then gives—although brief
His advice to the nurse. "She must sleep or this blow
Will most surely prove fatal. I feel that you know
Her condition is critical." Turning to leave
He is pausing to say, "That is all, I believe."
"Marguerite, come with me from this dark, cheerless room,
For you surely must rest—must not sit in the gloom—
In the shadow of pain and of death.

I well know

What this means. My own life has had sorrow. Yes, go
In the parlor. It looks as if joy and sweet peace
Can alone enter there. If your heartache could cease!
Oh! what joy. Could I take from your life this sad hour—
Could I soothe all your pain by some magical power—

Only here in this low, easy chair you can lie ;
Sweetly dream of the beauty of yon western sky,
While you think, that through all that pure sapphire and
gold,

Your dear father has entered the heavenly fold."

"While the darkness creeps stealthily over the earth—
While it gives its vague doubtings and fears ghostly birth—
Must I sit here alone with the shuddering dread
That the morning will find me an orphan? Yes, dead—
Both my father and mother?" "Oh, Marguerite, never
Alone would I have you to stay. I forever
Will be at your side, when you need me, if only
I may. How your poor heart must ache, and how lonely
And dark looks the future. No more will I say,
For your thoughts are with death and with suffering away,
But I beg of you come to the window and rest."

"Oh, I feel that I cannot. I know it is best.

I will come. May God tenderly comfort me still ;
He can see I am crushed with this grief—and He will."

XIX.

Once again is the minister's home lone and still,
For he sleeps low and dreamless far over the hill.
Softened foot-falls sound lightly in parlor and hall,
While low voices from tremulous lips faintly fall.
Everything seems to murmur of pain and of death,
The west wind even ceases its fluttering breath.

But the crisis has come. Marguerite sees her mother
Still lives. Hears the doctor speak low. "In another
Brief hour will the danger be past. Keep her quiet.
Let no one watch here, but the nurse, through the night,
Let her sleep if she will. Do not rouse her to give
Even this minute dose. If she rests she will live."

Marguerite follows Julian out of the room,
In the hall he turns quietly and says: "I presume
You are anxious to know how this illness will end,
I am confident now, that it all will depend
On the most watchful nursing—most vigilant care."
"Oh, how happy this makes me. We nothing will spare—
Money—time—patience—all—oh, yes, all—shall be hers,—
I will stay by her side, for I know she prefers
My own touch, to the hand of a stranger's."

"I quite well

Understand how you feel, what you think. I can tell
How your heart, in its sorrow, must ache. Marguerite,
I doubt not, that your hand has magnetical power,
Both to ease and to soothe—yet in this extreme hour
You must listen to me—I most gravely entreat.
Let your thoughts on the most pleasant memories dwell,
For your mind needs release from its worry, as well
As your busy hands rest. You have watched too long now—
You are weary and faint—strangely feverish your brow—
Quietly go to your room, put aside all your fears,
Dry your tears, gently sleep, sweetly dream what the years

May yet bring you of brightness, of peace, and of pleasure,
Heaping high, with their blessings, life's bountiful measure.
Perhaps, in the future, your coffers may turn
To the color of India's gold gods, you now spurn."

"Perhaps that I may sweetly sleep,
And dream that life is lonely—
The heart will starve if we must reap
The grains of bright gold only."

XX.

With the darkness has vanished the doubts and the fears,
Gone the plummet of sadness that sounded the years.
Even now the drear shadows seem broidered with light,
That were yesterday rimmed with the blackness of night,
While in Marguerite's heart—in its holiest shrine—
Is a peace, is a comfort, that seems half divine.
She is thanking the Lord that He answered her prayers—
That He granted the boon that she asked. On the stairs
Some one comes. At the door—a light step—a faint call.
She unlocks it with haste. "Nellie, speak—tell me all—
Is my dear mother worse?—is she asking for me"?
"She is better, my dear, but I came with swift feet,
For the doctor has come and wants you, Marguerite."
"I will go to my mother and then I will see
Him. Why did I not stay there, and watch by her side,
For I know how she misses me since father died."

XXI.

By her mother's bedside, Marguerite quietly kneels,
Gently kissing her pale, peaceful brow. She still feels
That her mother is near unto death. Feels how lonely
Her own life will be, and how sad, if she only,
Is left in that once happy home. "I will banish
These thoughts. Surely all these drear specters will vanish.
Will live for her sake—will devote my whole life
To her care. All these long, weary days, what a strife
Has my poor heart been conquering. Now it is ended.
Alone its sure honor I bravely defended.
These thoughts of its struggles, its chords, must not stir.
I will compass my feelings with duties for her.
I will gladly give up all my hopes of a love,
That seems true and eternal, as if from above.
Yes, my girlhood's fond dreams, I will bid you farewell."
As her reverie is finished, her mother's eyes slowly
Unclose. She smiles faintly to see Marguerite
Kneeling there by her couch—so peaceful and lowly—
On her face true devotion and love graven sweet,
That speak more, to her soul, than words ever could tell.
Like a blest benediction that smile on her falls,
While it all the sweet past, with its sweet dreams, recalls.
Marguerite—as she thankfully raises her eyes
To the face of the doctor—evinces surprise—
As she reads in his gaze a lone, lingering regret,

Born of sorrow and doubt—that she cannot forget.
For he feels in his soul, the resolve she has formed
Chilling all his life-blood, that his trust has once warmed
With a sweetness she never can know. Cold and dead
Are his hopes—the fond hopes—that he cherished so long,
Till with faith they were welded in harmony. Strong,
And as dear as life's ties, but their warm breath has fled,
Without love—his pure love—for that never can die.
His sad heart must beat on, though this cruel weight should
lie

Like a burden of darkness pressed down on each chord,
Till it cannot respond to his will. "Just a word,
Marguerite, in regard to your mother, and then
I must go," he says gently, but sadly. Again,
All his will power is beggared at thoughts that arise,
As they stand in the hall, side by side.

His dark eyes
Are bent low, as if solving some problem, or thinking
How she, all life's best, for her mother must crave;
Perhaps, too, her condition is seriously grave.
This she fears is the case. She fears, too, he is shrinking
From making all known. Yet she breaks with a low,
Feeling voice the too long, painful silence. "Oh, tell
Me all, Doctor—yes, tell me the worst. I am well.
I can bear even more than is already mine,
If I see, through the shadows, hope's light softly shine,
Guiding me to the goal of a faith filled with strength."

In her words is such fervor he rouses at length,
And thus speaks—while his mind from her own feels life's
glow—

Feels its trust. “Marguerite, my desire is to do
What is best for your mother, and also for you.
I regret to annoy you with all I must say.
Do you know, Marguerite, that your mother will never
Be well—even better—if longer you stay
In the old home? At once you must quietly sever
The ties that are binding you here. Oh, what pain
It has cost me to say this to you.

All in vain

Have I studied how next to proceed that I might
Spare you this. I can see when I come here each night
That your mother is silently grieving. She thinks
Of her loss—of the future—of what life must be
With your father forever away. You can see
That she sorrows for you—in her pity, oft shrinks
From enforcing on you such a lone, dreary life.
Then her suffering—with all of this wearisome strife—
Is fast sapping her strength. She exerts all her powers
For your sake—thus to keep you from sorrowful hours.
I have noticed with pain how the sight of the things
That have once brought her joy only saddens and stings
Her whole being with grief. Everything so reminds
Her of him, who has gone and can never return;
I well know for his presence she ofttimes must yearn;

In the past she her only sweet pleasures still finds.
Even you will be better away from these things
That oft bring to your memory unbearable stings;
For although the dear past is so full of bright scenes,
There is always a shadow that recklessly screens
From the future the joys it may bring, as the years
Pass us by—garnering hopes from the present—with fears;
For we taste of life's sorrows—they leave a sad taint
That embitters each joy—be it never so faint.
So we gather its pleasures with questioning hands,
Though they come to us here, or in far alien lands;
Yet the spot where abides the deep grief of our hearts
Is the spot where our sorrow inevitably starts,
And the brighter our fireside the greater the pain,
When we linger beside it, remembering how vain
Are our efforts to lure from the past e'er again
What it brought us of yore." Marguerite while he speaks
Closely watches his face. A pure light, mixed with pain,
In her eyes softly beams. From her lips—from her
cheeks—

All the color has gone, for she knows why this deep
Feeling sense of emotion. She longs there to weep—
Just to lay, once for all, her pained head on his breast—
Softly say to her weary heart, "evermore rest."
Not for her this sweet rest, for when Julian goes
All her hopes—life's bright joys—and this blessed repose
Will have vanished, while loneliness burdens each day,

If the right were but hers, she with gladness would say,
 "I am thine—wholly thine—take this sorrow away."

Now she feels she is sinning to stay by his side
With such thoughts creeping into her heart. All her pride
Comes to rescue the virtues love's powers enfold
To uplift to the light their true colors of gold.

From the guilt she recoils, that would crimson her life,
Should she take from his bounty the love of a wife—
And the rights that belong to another. Such a lot
Is not hers, should she covet its bliss. She speaks not
Of all this, though her eyes seem to talk and her face
Is a study to him while she looks into space.

With the tenderest regard in his own speaking eyes
He with calmness awaits her decision. "Surprise
Is not mine, yet I feel the great burden—the care,
The anxiety—of moving my mother. To share
This responsible charge, I see, Doctor De Foe
Thou art willing. I surely appreciate this.

I remember my father seemed always to know
Mother's needs, but I now his wise counsels must miss.
She is all that is left me on whom to depend
In the future to brighten my life. If the end
Should be death I am powerless and faint.

Enough though, all its battles to fight, if the grave
Is but robbed of my mother. Thou kindly regard'st
Her with zealous concern. Thou wilt reap the rewards

That belong to the faithful. Bereavements make hearts
Seem akin to each other. A kind teardrop starts
From the eyes that have never seen sorrow, to hear
The grief-sighs of the weeping, for those who were dear
And have died—or were lost. All our sympathy shines
Through the mist in our eyes when we list to the moans
Of the ones who have laid their best hopes on fond shrines,
And have seen them all blackened by crime. The dark
stones

That are piled on their tombs are not rolled in rich splendor
Away, when their prayers wakened chords that were tender.
I often have seen that our sorrow—our trouble—
Have made thy devotion and kindness seem double.
We both on thy judgment and skill have relied;
Others sympathize, fervently, since father died,
And have been very good. Thou art always the same,
A true friend that is faithful—not only in name—
But in purpose. Now tell me thy plans, I am ready.”
He relates them minutely, with voice that is steady.
“I received just this morning, from good friends of mine,
A kind letter—from Rovia, Florida. I wrote
Of your mother’s ill health and your grief. Please to note
Every word my friends say. I will read you a line.
“I have given the matter in hand my attention,
I found here a house of moderate dimension,
With modern improvements. Location—none better.
Secured it at once. Yet you state in your letter

That Miss Allandale's mother is still very ill.
That is all. I will leave further details until
I shall hear.' Now your mother must know all before
We proceed with our plans and arrangements, so fleet,
You can go to her room with this news, Marguerite."
"Oh, no, Doctor De Foe, she will listen to thee;
Thy decision with her all unquestioned will be.
Thy professional wisdom—thy medical lore,
Thy advice, thy own judgment, I know, will be right.
We will talk this all over together tonight."

XXII.

Marguerite waits alone in the gloaming. How cruel
The foes that she conquered today. For the fuel
That fed their consuming and life-wasting flame
Is a love that was quenched—not in truth—but in name.
She will never once yield to its power again,
For its memory is only the stern source of pain;
Yet its breath was so pure that it fanned to the last,
All the quivering life chords that thrilled sweet and fast
As their mystical melodies floated afar,
Till they reached heaven's gate—that seemed standing
ajar—

Where they entered to nevermore greet her on earth,
Where they had in their fullness and purity birth.
When she hears the light footstep of Doctor De Foe

As he enters the parlor she speaks soft and low
To herself :

"Thought my heart is crushed and broken,
What has been can never be;
It is best for us to part, dear,
Best for thee and best for me."

"I have waited for thee quite awhile.
Did my mother agree to the plans we had made?
Was she happy as usual, or was she afraid
To be moved?"

"No, she thought it was best—thought it right;
Was unusually glad—her face peacefully bright.
She consented with zest and without a demur—
Seemed to think we were planning this change for her
Good. Yet she thought most of you—of securing a rest
That she said you were needing. Why, she even blessed
Me for making arrangements to take you away
From the scenes that must sadden you, day after day."

"She has unbiassed confidence—absolute faith—
In thy judgment and skill—in whatever thou saith."

"Marguerite, why is this, when you think I am weak—
So unworthy your thought?" "Julian, do not thus speak.
In portraying my mother's sweet confident trust
Have I been, in the least, to thy friendship unjust?
I have frankly admitted thy kindness and care,
Have remarked how we treasure this feeling, so rare,

That among all our friends not another is here
We appreciate more, or more truly revere.”
“Yes, I know, Marguerite, that you heap too much praise
On my merits and worth. A fond tribute you raise
To my goodness, in order to freely express
All your gratitude, steeped in the warmest respect.
I seek not for your honor, save that which is due
To esteem and the thoughts that ennoble and bless
All mankind. But the shrine I would have you erect
Would be in your own heart, where a love that is true
And as constant as time I could place on its altar,
Knowing well that your own trust and love would not falter.
Yes, love all untrammelled, that closer would bind
Us each hour—heart to heart, soul to soul, mind to mind;
Then a home, with a hearthstone so bright would be ours,
It would seem as if heaven had strewn it with flowers—
Had crowned from that world life’s true actors in this,
With rich blessings that shower through the portals of bliss.
Marguerite, you are sad now. I know that you feel
You must always be true to the duty you owe
Your dear mother. You, in your devotion, reveal
The most noble of traits. I admire and adore
Your grand, beautiful nature. But this, you must know,
Only makes me to love you and long for you more.”
Marguerite had allowed him to talk, on and on,
As she saw a new world in its loveliness dawn,
Then fade slowly from view with a sense of regret,

Would she ever have power all its scenes to forget?
While he talked what vague doubtings had filled her with
 woe—

With the sweetest of longings he never must know—
With a strange weight of awe—and a mystical sense
That she ought not to hear. Filled with cravings intense
To unfold to his gaze all the deep secret love
That she feels, through the future, would limitless prove.
Oh, how sweet to a woman the love of a strong,
Noble man. Ever sweet as the purest dream song
Of yon heaven, when guardian angels awake
All the melody thronging the ether above,
Softly thrilling each heart-chord with longings of love,
Till it seems, that to still them, they surely will break.
Marguerite sits in reverent silence beside
The one man for whom always her love will abide.
She can feel the pulsations that stir in his heart,
The deep source of his love with fond throbbings that start
Into being the one living joy that makes life
Pure and sweet—lulls to rest its unbearable strife.
She is wondering why God gave her soul such a love
If he never can crown it with peace from above.

XXIII.

“Julian, I had intended—resolved—that I never
Would listen to that which will haunt me forever.
Although now have I sat here for almost an hour,
Feeling strangely bewildered, with no sense of power

To check the melodious trill of thy words,
That seemed fluttering for freedom, like rapturous birds.
Oh, I never again must this sweet fervor know,
That has warmed all my life blood's mellifluent flow,
While I listened to strains from a transported heart,
That have caused, in my breast, its old life hopes to start,
Yet have wakened its slumbering echoes in vain,
For they only can bring to me visions of pain.
I once promised my father I always would cling
To my mother, whatever the future might bring.
I find now that she needs me, I always will stay,
If the whole world seems empty and clouded each day."
"Marguerite, your fond loyalty fills me with pride,
In its faithfulness, too, must your mother confide.
Owen Meredith had such as you in his mind
When he modeled his heroine, christened Lucile,
For you surely have all of her virtues combined;
All her grace—though like her are unyielding as steel."
"Thou dost flatter me, Julian, for often I feel
That the noblest of all heroines was Lucile;
She was lovely in character—true to her duty—
Her labor of love only crowned the rare beauty
She freely possessed. Still my own work is only
For one—yet for one—who is feeble and lonely,
Who clings to my life with the grasp of the years,
Who has guarded my childhood and soothed all my fears,
Who has watched with devotion the maiden's unrest,

Always tenderly sheltered my head on her breast,
Spending wearisome hours by the bedside of pain,
Oft with gentle words lulling my feverish brain ;
At the noon of the night often courting sweet sleep,
By the touch of her soft hand upon my hot brow ;
I know, too, that unslumbering she watched but to weep,
When I think of those days of anxiety now.
Thou hast modeled and molded my graces in steel,
Hast ascribed me the beauty bequeathed to Lucile,
Though I never deserved it. Mayst thou be as brave—
Be as valiant a knight—as was Alfred Vargrave.
Yet he found, all too late, that the love that had first
Filled his heart with its buds, waiting, eager to burst
Into soul-thrilling blossoms was only, in truth,
The one love of his manhood as well as his youth.
Though he erred, he was noble, he did not forsake
The fair one he had pledged by his honor to take
To his breast—to his home—as his own beloved wife,
Whom he vowed he would cherish as sacred for life.
As I once said, I say to thee, go to the one
Who still feels thou hast promised devotion of soul,
For I now can speak truthfully that there is none
Other heart that thy bounty of love can control.
Thou hast plighted thy troth, now be true to thy trust,
Do not blight a young life that is loyal and just,
Who adores thy integrity—worships the whole
Of thy grand, noble nature and pureness of soul.”

“Marguerite, you mistake. You forget that I never
Made vows. Do not say: ‘Thou hast plighted thy troth;’
Beauty’s fairy was near me and I, like the moth,
Hovered close to the light till my life could not sever
From hers, unless heartstrings were seared by its powers,
For the flame only brightened through those summer hours.
The next time that I come I will tell you my story,
My hands, with the heart-throbs of life, are not gory.”
“Not yet, Julian, no; but the light burns the same,
It will sear the best blood of one heart in its flame.
Ellenore rests secure in the thought that sincere
And confiding thou art. She still feels not a fear—
Feels thy life will forever prove just what it seems;
Do not let her bright hopes soar away into dreams,
Nor her fair, buoyant spirit be saddened by doubt,
For, I know, that so dark and so lonely without
Thee her young life would be. Do not leave her to grieve,
Oh, I wish thou couldst see—thou couldst only believe—
How much joy has gone out of my own heart to-night,
How much brightness is dimmed to my hungering sight.
Yet, no murmuring nor sighing for lost joys shall come
From my lips. To their memory let them be dumb,
For I never would cloud the bright future of one,
Who is thinking from dawn, till the set of the sun,
Of a sweet, happy home just with thee. Like Lucile
I will watch from afar, and like her will I feel
A proud sense of thy honor, achievements, success.

May our God, in His infinite goodness, still bless
Thee, will be my lone prayer every night, every day.
Yes, through sunshine and shadow for thee will I pray.
I have counted the cost of this stern loss to me—
What my life is without thee and what it will be
Through the days—I am watching and waiting alone—
With my mother. May true resignation atone
For my crosses. May cheerfulness bless every duty,
Until time shall crown our dear home with rare beauty.”

XXIV.

Those “June days” are all passed—Summer gone—Autumn
here—

We are silently watching the wane of the year,
All its glories are fading—are chilled by its breath—
As it sobbing and sighing approaches its death.
Yet its beauties are tranquilly resting to-day,
In an air as serene and unclouded as May.
Marguerite is inspired by its essence and balm,
That have come to her spirit like odors that calm
All the senses, and soothingly quiet to rest,
Even conscience that bears no fierce pang to the breast.
She is lulled by the scenes of her girl-hood’s fair dawn,
Is reclining at ease, while she writes, on the lawn.
“Oh, if Julian only would come to this spot,
He would see, that for once in my life, I forgot
To remember regret.

I will leave this dear place,
With the impress of peace plainly stamped on my face,
Even, though he may nevermore see its repose.
One brief glance would soon tell him I buried my woes.
To Elnore he can go with brave heart, I am sure,
And there is not a sorrow that time cannot cure.
No, I once said to him, that time only can ease,
For it never can bring us life's fullness of peace,
When a woe, that will reach to its wearisome end,
Crawls along its whole length, loosening ties of a friend."
"Marguerite, all your thoughts must be silenced so deep,
Or else all in sweet dream-land have gone fast asleep,
Till you cannot arouse them. For here have I been,
Standing close to your side—on the borders of sin—
For five minutes, or more. Was afraid not to speak—
More afraid if I spoke, fear would blanch your fair cheek—
Send a tremor of pain to your heart, as to mine."
"Julian, no, I am glad thou hast come here once more,
To behold all this loveliness I still adore.
Like its Author, its scenes are all truly divine,
And why say on the borders of sin?"

"Do you see,
Marguerite, I feel guilty of wrong, thus to be
In your presence, of late, when I know you condemn
All my actions? I see that you think me untrue
To the absent, and why? when my thoughts are with you—
Even dreaming. It takes all the pride—all the strength—

Of my manhood, to quell the emotions of pain,
That cry out from love's forte, but are crying in vain,
For the courage your honor will never condemn."
"Oh, Julian, be strong. Thou hast gone to the length
Of propriety. Honor—thy honor—and mine—
Yes, Elnore's—are all kneeling at love's shattered shrine
For redemption. The conquest of ages our own
Victory wins. Yes, the only true recompense left
For atonement, is binding your love at one lone
Sacred tryst. My own love is now pinioned with fetters
Of might to the altar of faith—where in letters
Hope penned—I keep reading with trust: 'Though bereft
Of thy heart's earthly idol—be still—murmur not—
From love's heaven rich blessings will fall to thy lot.'"
In the long hush that followed he looked toward the west.
"This the sunset of life? This the way that is best
For us both, Marguerite?

You forbid me to stay

I have promised—reluctantly will I obey—
Will relinquish my hopes with an undefined pain,
That will haunt me as long as life lasts, but in vain.
You are pale, Marguerite. I know dark seems the day—
You will walk on in silence a long clouded way—
More than all—I can feel that the love in your heart
Will still cling to my life. With a shudder I start,
When I think how I left, in the 'dear Long Ago,'
As you call it. Not long would it seem had our lives

Been united, and time rolling on while survives
All the best that it doles to each one. We have missed
The true sparkles of joy on its stream, that are kissed
By the bright beams of peace. I have listened and longed
For a voice in the silence, where fond memories thronged,
Yes, your voice, Marguerite. Had you been at my side,
The full bliss would be mine, my own deeds have denied.”
“Julian, truly thou speakest. Dost thou think every thought
Of the past, at the shrine of blest patience was bought?
I have chided thee often. Have pitied my fate,
That so long, in suspense, I must suffer and wait.
At the first, I was sure it was pride—and its force—
That had silenced thy voice—had directed thy course—
I learned slowly to think all the past thou forgot,
And with strong resolution bowed down to my lot,
For thou seemed to still nourish the bitterness. Long
Hast thou staid in a far-away land—all the wrong
Seemed to cherish that clouded that last weary scene,
While I felt there was really no barrier between
Our lone lives.” “If I could have foreseen, Marguerite,—
To what length I had wandered I would have rebelled
At the thought. I was silent, because I was thinking you
held

In your heart some reproach—some rebuke—although fleet
It might be—yet a feeling that you had been wronged.”
“Ah, then, Julian, I think that it must have been pride,
At the first, that kept back the kind words thou denied.

After that, thou hadst broken thy self-imposed trust—
To thyself, and to me, wast unloyal, unjust,
And although my own words were indifferent, cold,
It seemed cruel to me that thou camest not again.
I felt sure this estrangement would foolishly hold
Us apart. Each would treasure some hardness.

The pain

Rent my heart. I was proud, but so sure as I live,
I knew well I would say to thee: 'Wilt thou forgive;'
Shouldst thou come while still free—while my life should
remain."

"Quickly now will I say those three words—Marguerite,
I will even kneel low, once again, at your feet
Asking pardon. That time has passed by like the joy
That I worshiped, when I was a fun-loving boy.
Early love—when our soul's true affinities meet—
Clings forever. We cannot unwind all its sweet,
Vital fetters, when truth lowly bows at its shrine,
With a plea for its trust, that seems almost divine."
"Julian, still our own needs, on our faith, must rely,
For I steeled my hurt heart to submission. I try,
In my calmer hours, never to think of that time,
Till I gained patient peacefulness truly sublime.
Now so vividly everything comes back to me,
I have drifted far out from Oblivion's sea,
On an ocean whose billows look dangerous and dark,
While they threaten to strand, with their tumult, my bark

Long before I can reach the green island of Rest,
With the white flowers of peace crowning sweetly its breast.
Yet I know I will sail from this treacherous main—
I will tranquilly, trustfully hope's haven gain—
Will repose on the shores of a blissful retreat—
Kneeling low on its blossoms at Jesus' feet."

"Marguerite, I will always heap bitter remorse
On my own humble self. Yet, I know I must force
From my being this weary, unbearable strain,
My past folly and rashness I view with disdain,
For I never can think of those days without shame,
Yet I hold against you, not one atom of blame.
Wheresoever I go, I am sure, I will feel
That the loss to my life time alone will reveal."

"In the one thou wilt take to thy life wilt thou find,
That thy gain is two-fold, and this knowledge will bind
All the ties that are weakened, in love's fond control,
That will gladly restore—heart to heart—soul to soul."

XXV.

"Marguerite, I must ask when you leave?" He could say
Nothing more. "Julian, this is the very last day,
This dear home—these loved scenes—all these joys—can be
mine,
For we leave in the morning exactly at nine,
For that far away city, on Florida's shore.
Mother seems stronger now. Is as well as before

My dear father's sad death." Thus she thought if she spoke
Of her father, he never would know what awoke
All the olden time memories that misted her sight—
All the sorrow that came to her face. For in spite
Of resolves, some slight twinges of pain crossed it then.
Julian would have been different from most other men,
Had he not observed all. He remarked with a smile:

"Are you writing a poem for me, afterwhile?"

"Oh, yes, writing a book—not entirely for thee—

But, for all. Do not laugh at me, Julian. I see

It sounds foolish to speak of these things as if *I*

Have an author's ability—even could try

To write anything popular, solid, or strong.

The great gift of a poet can never belong

To an amateur singer, with natural powers."

"Marguerite, have you thought all the 'nine' would pour
showers,

From their bountiful fountain of gifts on your head;

Now endowed with rare intellect? Surely royal

Attainments are yours. To your trust now be loyal."

"I will always remember the words thou hast said,

I will never, oh, Julian, receive from another,

Such tribute. I take it from thee, as a brother

Who feels a deep interest in me—in my mother.

The public may criticise—smile if it will—

My own friends eulogize—or forever be still—

This sweet praise will be always the same to my life—

Be as true as fond memory—as living and rife
With its fervor as now.” I have noticed that line
On your manuscript there, Marguerite. It is fine.
Will you please read the poem?” “What? A Thrill of the
Soul?

I am sure I ought not all those lines to unroll.
Thy encomiums have given me courage to write;
All my prose, or my poems, if dark, or if bright,
Have been born in a pure atmosphere at the altar
Of prayer, where my faith still looks up to the hills—
From whence cometh my help—and my strength—as God
wills,

So he does not permit me to waver or falter.
A voice will keep saying: ‘I called thee aside,
From the world and its progress, to write and be still.
Thou hast had little sorrow—much joy—this my will—
Use thy God-given talent—in patience abide.’
In the future some verses of mine thou mayst read,
That will shadow these lines with the soul’s truest need.”
“Only read me the poem—I ask—Marguerite,
When you close if I say: ‘It is beautiful, sweet,
You will never believe that I mean it. If quiet,
I lie here on the grass—all my thoughts running riot—
You will know that my silence, alone, speaks its sweetness
To me—that my eyes, tell to yours, its completeness.”

A THRILL OF THE SOUL.

There are no dreams that my soul doth know,
So sweet as the dreams of the Long Ago;
Their melody echoes from haunts of the past,
Adown its corridors gilded and vast.
When the winter of sorrow reigneth drear—
When I sit alone in its bitterness here—
While its weird, wild winds around me sigh,
With their piercing and agonizing cry—
Then oft through the gloom that melody rings,
Like some far-away music on love's sweet strings.

In its spell, I dream of the past for hours,
When I roamed through girl-hood's joy-lit bowers,
And wove bright hopes in their light-flecked shade,
Or wooed love's sunbeams—that softly played
On the wind-swept grass—on the rippling brook—
That mirrors the past as I fondly look
In its crystal depths, or hear in its moan—
The crooning, magical, undertone,
That still to my heart forever sings,
In fitful strains of happier things.

Oft-times those dreams have lulled me to sleep,
With their droning melody, lone and deep,
As down in my soul its harmonious flow,
Would sink to a murmuring soft and low.

Then sorrow would grope back to her throne,
Abashed and charmed with its soothing tone,
And in the hush—so strange and long—
That followed, there fell—like an angel song—
A cadence low from a happier clime,
That sounded adown the aisle of time.

To-night, in dreams, love's shadow falls,
And silently flits on the past's dear walls,
While around me the storms of worry and care,
Are fretting my life for an entrance there;
Yet I heed them not, for my soul hath gone,
To dream in the warmth of a cloudless dawn.
"The faces I loved are all living there,"
And a voiceless prayer—on the breathless air—
A melody wakes on the chords of love,
That resounds from earth to heaven, above.

She finished the poem. neatly folded it then,
In her port-folio placed all her papers and pen;
Said: "Good-bye, Julian, now, mother needs me I know."
"Marguerite, I must see you again ere you go."

XXVI.

Julian came mid the glories of days parting gifts,
All the duskiness, silvered by moonlight, hung over
The earth. The moon's beams peeping through shaded rifts

In the trees, transformed all of their gorgeous-dyed shrouds
Into somber night-robcs, decked with gems. Like a cover
Of fleeciest down with carved edges, limned round,
Or embroidered with golden-hued light, were the clouds,
Casting vapory mists on the leaf-patterned ground.
He came on through the park with quick step that was
sounding

The rhythmical leaf-rustles. Marguerite heard
Their low echoes, like signals of lone distress bounding
On prison walls throbbing with music. They stirred
All the memories of ages with pain, because soon
Their own largess would vanish. Like joys of the June
Days now gone, they would gloom into dreariest night,
Never come in the gloaming to cheer with their light;
For their melody now must ring back through the years,
To find chords that will vibrate to love's tuneful times,
Find those echoes whose harmony joyfully chimes
Through the vistas of visions, discordant with fears.
She must live in the future—must tread its lone way—
With a firmness that brings joy to each weary day;
Her air-castles—that glistened like pearls of rare beauty—
Are wrecked on the pathway of vigilant duty.

XXVII.

Julian came with pulsations that quickened aweary
While walking across the wide lawn. It seemed dreary
And lonely to him. He had often gone over

The very same ground, when he came as the lover
He now longed to be. He would bear with the grace
Of the brave, fearless christian—the tests of his race—
A race—hardy to principles, honesty, right,
That he guarded from daily temptations with might.
In the wide portico—always screened in the summer—
From sunlight and moonlight—by dense flowering vines—
Marguerite is awaiting, in silence, the comer.
Where king-frost has stolen the leaves, the moon shines
Through the spaces with soft, subdued light that grows
dimmer,

When lightly the leaves are swayed down by the breeze,
That is murmuring sweet stories, in sighs, to the trees,
Where the moon-beams—the light of the lover's tryst—
shimmer.

Erect—with the grace to a nobleman born—
With a manner that wrong and its courtiers would scorn—
Julian comes. "Marguerite, why not rest in this shade
For awhile? I would talk to you here in this lone
Lovely spot, filled with memories dear to each one,"
He was saying, as Marguerite rose. "Not afraid
Of the dampness pervading this climate, protected
Like this from the October air? We neglected
Of late all this screening, and why?" "The bare thought
That we had not the right to sit here as of yore,
Julian, held in abeyance our actions. Now before
We again its seclusion have peacefully bought,

We must promise ourselves, and each other, to bar
The frail gateway between us, that leads to the far
Away future. Place true danger signals along
The vast fortress of love, that will prove to be strong
In defending its courts from the power of each heart,
Ever destined to dwell on its own throne apart."

"Yes, apart, Marguerite, when I need all the force
Of your strong, noble nature, to balance my course
On the ocean of life.

Need an anchor above,
Weighed with prayers and your faith. For a true woman's
love

Is a power so mighty, its ballast will hold
Straight one side of the bark, though the other with gold
May be freighted." "Julian, well hast thou spoken, but
see—

Thy love cargo is ready—is waiting for thee—
You will loyally sail from the haven in peace,
Till you strand on the shore where life's struggles all cease.
Should the years as they pass bring thee honor and fame,
Should they write on the page of grand heroes thy name,
Shouldst thou work in the ranks with the christians, who
toil

For the love of the gospel on lone foreign soil;
With the foremost in power for right and the good
Of mankind shouldst thou stand, firm and staunch, where
have stood

This great nation's most earnest, most honored, of men,
I would watch, I would know, and be proud of thee then."
"Marguerite, I should think you can certainly see,
That the things you desire and are craving for me,
You are putting beyond the dim verge of my sight,
You are turning the dawn of success into night.
That the things you most covet should govern my fate,
You are pushing aside in the shadows to wait,
By the hand that, alone, can yet aid me to win—
That can lure me afar from temptation and sin—
And that surely can guide me in pathways that lead
To a purer religion than dogma, or creed,
That will harness the soul to a masterful law,
Still supposing its codes, and its morals, will draw
It to heaven, although in a strange faith, we trust,
That is trailing the christian's pure robes in the dust."
"There is one, whose deep love seems as pure as my own,
Who is serving the God I will worship, alone,
Her own powers will guide thee, as true as would mine,
And the Hand leading all is forever divine.
You may stand on the mountain of holiest bliss,
You may share there, together, the honors I miss."
"If renown's dizzy summit I fail to acquire,
If ambition's fond dreams cease to bid me aspire,
If I stand in the battle of life with its foes
Still unconquered—disheartened and crushed by its woes—

Would you view the spoils, then, with a proud heart and
say—

‘Behold, these are the trophies I gleaned from the fray’?

I think not, Marguerite—through hot tears would you gaze
On the cold, ruined wreck of the past. Then these days
Would come back with remorse and deep pain to your
sight,

Your sad heart would pay penance as lonely as night.”

“Julian, once in the past, I would think, even dream,
That thy life, of my own, would be truly a part.

Dream of triumphs with pride that made stronger my heart,
That is still beating high to life’s victories, that seem
In a far away world with defeat overcast—

For a dearer must praise—when thy future is past—
Is enacted. Though mine would have been the heart-proud
Of the actor, who toils—with his soul reaching heights
That are far—far—beyond the research of the crowd.

With my eyes ever upward to sun-dimming sights—
That are screened by the future’s vast curtains that up
To the zenith still reach—I would see on a star-
Crowned summit there—sipping from Fame’s relished cup,
With its glory and sweetness near heaven’s own bar—

My ideal—my hero. My reverence, my pride,
Were aroused, when I thought thou and I, side by side,
Would go on up the mountain together. The same
Hopes and faith—trusting ever in God’s holy name.
Julian, never once think, that as earth names her own

Living heroes, would I have been proud. At the throne
Of God's grace I would bow low and say: 'Thou hast given
Me love, Thou hast nurtured and ripened for heaven,
We thank Thee, dear Father, we know Thou art just,
Thou wilt keep all our treasures—where moth—nor where
rust—

Can corrupt them. We know from whence cometh our
night—

We will trust, though our glory is turned into night."

"Marguerite, all your words are the veriest truth,
With Longfellow, I say: 'All the thoughts of our youth
Are long, long, thoughts. That a boy's will, is the wind's
Will.' If only we could have borne this in our minds,
It had guarded my honor and peace. We would feel
Lenient now. The best that our lives could reveal
Had been lived. 'Our friendships old and our early loves
Would come back with a sabbath sound as of doves,'
And we still would be singing the same sweet songs,
Would be living the bliss that to each one belongs.
Yet my own earnest heart was so eager to make
Others happy. It yearned in its haste—for their sake—
To say beautiful things—to bring pleasure to care,
Make them feel all their joy, or their pain, I could share."
"I see Julian, yet while thou fillst to the brim
The dear hearts where thy presence is felt, joy will dim
All thy feelings for friends far away. Then regret,
Cold and stern, will creep in, chiding thee to forget

Those thou lovest, even when thy heart's rapture was high,
To forget the regard due to them makes thee sigh—
To the absent, I mean. Thy impulsiveness then,
Brings remorse. Yet such natures we find among men."

"Yes, and women too, Marguerite. Noble and good
Are their lives. Their pure light blesses others who would
Always dwell in despair. The sunshine from their souls—
From their hearts—overflowing with fervor, consoles.
In your own soul the music, the charm, and the sweetness
Of life—are its emblems, its boon, of completeness.
Yes, I still think impulsiveness often has birth
In the noblest of natures—most genuine hearts—
They will recognize promptly the most sanguine worth.
Think—the eye from which oftenest the first tear-drop
starts,

Is the eye that reads quickest another's deep grief,
Sends to sad hearts the readiest, happiest, relief.
It can diagnose fleetest the woes of that life,
And can telegraph pity with tenderness rife,
Catch electrical signals from live wires above,
Thrilled with glory immortal—eternal as love—
For they come to our lives from the source of all faith,
From God's infinite peace, lasting even through death.
There is something within our own breasts that is born
Of compassion, that feasts on the breath of each word
That vibrates, with its gentle touch, every heart-chord
That is human. Although it may cause us to mourn,

After calmer reflection, it dares us to speak
Just the words that a dear one is longing to hear,
Bringing love's softened beauty to eye and to cheek—
Bringing happiness life—even death—need not fear.”
“Yet impulsiveness, Julian, has wrought more of sorrow,
Than years ever cure, even though each tomorrow
From cycle to cycle could span. Though the heart
Is so quick to respond and obey what will start
All its live sensibilities, time will, perhaps,
Bring its keener requital though ages elapse.
Cautious natures will suffer, endure, and be still,
Waiting patiently, often, to know what is best,
They with watchfulness every day's duties fulfill,
Then submissively leave unto heaven the rest.
Though they long to unburden a soul full of love,
With fond words that would tenderly soothe their tossed
 hearts,
With caresses that spring from the source where love starts,
And we know that true love's living fount is above.”

XXVIII.

“Marguerite, you may chide—may rebuke if you will—
I must tell my whole story to you, then be still.
In June's vision-lined weather is something to lull
Our emotions, our senses, with dreaminess—full
Of pathetic delight, that bewilders our brains,
Till our fancies seem real when given the reins.

In chimerical worlds we will stray, on and on,
Soothed by breezes as gentle as whispers of bliss,
Whose creation began in the earliest dawn,
Of a morning that seemed as unclouded as this.
I was musing in just such an ecstatic state
Dwelling only on pleasures—my spirits with freight
From the dream-world were sated, and now I must rue,
All my days, what I carelessly spoke. It is true
That those few thoughtless words I can never unsay,
Uttered then in a questioning, half-jesting way.
You will see that my thoughts to life's meaning were dead,
My own words prove this truth—that my senses had fled.
'Ellenore, I forever will cherish these balmy June hours,
I have spent here with you in these halcyon bowers.
I had dreamed of June's roses—June's zephyrs—June's
sky—

In a garden of love—with its bliss—by and by.'
With an earnestness that I can never forget
She made answer: 'Oh, Julian, thank God that we met—'
That you found 'mid the odor of heaven's own flowers,
Love's fulfillment—to sweeten and bless all your dreams,
With a truthfulness, pure as reality seems.'
I have told you I think, in the past, that sometimes
She would read to me poems that thrilled me. The rhymes
Of some poet, who lived in as blissful a state
As was hers.

Disappointment would come, soon or late,

To one life, or to both. She would question the powers,
That ever brought sorrow to love's fated hours.
In her voice was a melody filled with repose,
While in yours is a sweetness to silence my woes—
To unburden my mind—to uplift from my brain,
The drear volume of clouds that are broidered with pain."
"Yet, 'In God is our trust'—this our motto will be.
Julian, far, very far, in the future, I see
The high mountains of peace rising out of the haze,
That is crowning with beauty the pain and the losses,
The meed of the christian. It lightens the crosses
That chequered our lives in these sad, lonely days.
Let us linger no longer—nor dream of defeat—
In the valley of shadows, where dangers we meet.
Though we part without hope, we will cease to regret,
Will remember the sweet—all the bitter forget—
And so sure as is heaven, in mansions above
We will meet, our hearts then, will know nothing but love."
"It is true, Marguerite. Your words play on my heart
Strings. Their tremulous quiver has left a deep smart.
I will never—no never—again see such hours,
As have gladdened my way in the days that are gone,
They not only have vanished, but with them their powers
To soothe and to bless me in life's early dawn.
With their magical balm goes youth's hopes and its vim,
While afar in the distance faith's light wavers dim.
I know, too, that I always will feel the unrest

That comes after the conflict is ended. The quest
For life's triumphs, I deem, incomplete will be mine,
If your love and your tribute of praise—half divine—
I shall fail to receive. For a joy must be shared
By our heart's own ideal—by her be declared—
If it brings us its fullness of peace, fraught with pleasure,
Bestowing on each its commensurate measure.
I will use all the might that our God has still lent,
I will win—I will conquer—my life shall be spent
For the good of mankind.

I will yet be as true—
Be as loyal to God and my wife—as if you
Had been mine. If I should in the future achieve
Any honor, or blessing, you well may believe
That the victory—the laurels—belong more to you,
Than myself. I will go, Marguerite, now adieu.”
They sit there in sad silence. No words can express
The emotions that reign in each heart. Even love
Has lost speech its old fondness to prove.
Oh, how Julian longs once again to caress
That mute figure beside him. Her look seems to bless
Every moment. To him, it is bliss thus to linger.
To her, it is joy born of sighing and sweetness.
Yet true resignation has garnered completeness
That wins its own victory. She raises her finger
To make more emphatic her words. But too great

The temptation. He grasps her hand firmly and presses
It close to his heart.

As if governed by fate,
He then touches his lips to her own and caresses
Her fondly. The words she would utter are still
Left unsaid. This sensation the saddest—the sweetest—
She ever has known. Yet its bliss is the fleetest
Of all earthly joys. It must nevermore thrill
Her whole being. As speechless as darkness he goes
From the room, bearing with him its bliss-laden woe.
All the light—all the gladness—of days yet to come,
Will inwrap his own sorrow and bid it be dumb,
While her life must be lonely—her joys will be few—
Though each morning, the Lord will her blessings, renew.
They may nevermore meet, till inside the pearl portal
They stand, side by side, thrilled with glory immortal.

BOOK II.

XXIX.

The long summers have passed with their sunshine and
shadow,
Enwrapping the hilltop, the woodland, and meadow.
Again summer comes, bringing sorrows and pleasures,
Once more filling earth with her wealth of rich treasures.
The breezes blow arid, till even the shade
Is intense with the breath of old nature, that played
In the vast everywhere, in the heat of the sun,
Stealing warmth from the beauty its glory begun.
It is now, we seek summer resorts by the sea,
Chronic idlers, and those who court pleasure are there—
Also people of leisure. The young and the fair—
With the feeble and aged—to the beach swiftly flee,
Till Atlantic's alluring coast thickly is thronged,
With vast numbers who far in the west have belonged.
Thither, Marguerite Allandale goes with the rest,
Seeking freedom from care. She is also in quest
Of a life-giving tonic that hails from the ocean;
Her patient unselfishness—tireless devotion—

Her watchfulness—all brimming over with love—
While she moved, ever on, in the same weary groove,
As she cared for her mother, have robbed her of health—
Robbed her eye of its luster—her cheek of its wealth
Of rich coloring—the banner that truth, as a token,
Unfurls to assure us, she still holds the tower
Where life reigns supreme, although words are unspoken.
Marguerite feels the pure ocean breezes have power
To loan her the coveted treasure—besides
The commingling of strangers and friends by the tides.

XXX.

Marguerite stands alone on the wave-beaten sand,
While the tide has gone back to its home in the ocean,
The breezes are bearing new life to the land,
While all nature is hushed to her evening devotion.
As Marguerite watches, with reverent grace,
The gray shadows of twilight grow longer and longer,
Sweet dreams of the past seem to fill the whole place,
Quietly lulling her soul with their bliss. She feels stronger
To battle with life and its earnest of cares,
For its beauty seems crowding, with unspoken prayers,
Every nook in her heart, every breath of the air;
All its cravings, her future, would crown with rich peace
And rare blessings. All these she most gladly would share
With the ones she loves dearest and those who need love,
Their long lives to still gladden and cheer. Far above

The dull roar of the ocean she hears in the gloaming,
A voice, "Still and Small," that her joys will increase.
She knows, too, that in whatever land she is roaming,
That voice will still guide her aright. Yet she hears
Not the sound, on the sand, of a footstep that nears
The lone place where she stands. But she lifts her brown
eyes,

Full of tenderest beauty and unfeigned surprise,
For a man is beside her, she never has met
On the beach—in the parlor—at table—and yet
His lone presence disturbs her. "Beg pardon"—he said,
"For my own destination to this spot has led,
I am sure, that on no account, would I intrude
Upon any fair lady's fond reveries and now
I will go on my way." She replies with a bow:
"Pardon granted. Intrusions like this are not rude."

XXXI.

Yet before she had spoken he knew Marguerite.
As he hears in the stillness of twilight that sweet
Gentle voice, his whole being is thrilling with gladness,
Yet tempered the warmth of his ardor with sadness.
That they meet here this evening is puzzling his brain,
Yet in time mysteries vanish, we cannot explain,
And the truth will unfold its rare secrets to him,
Even while the gold colors of sunset grow dim,
For the night seems so tardy its offerings wait.

Yet he never will leave till he knows what her fate,
Can know why she is here—why she stands on the beach
Thus alone—why her eyes to the past seem to reach
In their sweet, lovely trust. He remembers, so well,
The clear light in their depths that would speak to his own.
What her heart whispered low in the shrine where love's
tone

Is so forceful, it braves the old fortress to dwell
In its dreams, with their beauty, their sorrow, their power,
That cheered with their sunlight, or bathed in their shower
From the cloudland of misunderstandings, mistrust,
Disappointments, and doubt.

It is strange that they rust
Not the links, in love's chain, till they crumble to dust.
Yet they tarnish when visions, that once brought fond bliss,
Are bedewed, o'er and o'er, with the tear-drops that kiss
In their falling, the chains golden rings that are binding
The hearts, that love told all its fancies and truth—
Told the dreams of its air-castles—builded in youth—
When their splendor with undisguised fervor was blinding.
He has wandered afar. He knows not whether grief—
Whether joy—is her lot. It would bring true relief,
And would banish embarrassment, would she but speak
Of herself—of her mother—of friends—or of home.
If she only the silence would instantly break,
With the truth of her wanderings—why she has come
To Atlantic's far Summer Resort. "I am late

Getting in for our train was delayed. A freight
Had been wrecked on the track." This he said, time to gain,
Thinking she, in her own cheerful way, would explain.
Yet he does not wait long, for she speaks in the tone
Of the dear olden days, as she offers her hand:
"Thou art welcome home, Doctor De Foe, to the land
Of thy birth, to the land we both love." "Marguerite,
God has brought the lone wanderer back to your feet."
"May I ask why alone thou art wandering—why
God has guided thee over the billowy deep,
To a maiden beneath grief's cold, colorless sky,
Who for lost friends and home ties forever must sigh?
Yet, oh, why art thou lonely and why art thou sad?
Tell me, Doctor De Foe, for I dreamed thou wert glad."
"Yes, I am, Marguerite, for the one 'missing link'
In the chain of my happiness binds me right here."
"Thy own wife and the ones thou must ever hold dear,
Have the right to thy loyalty, surely." "I think
You mistake every aim of my life, for I never
Have bound my own fate with another's. The lever
That holds the whole weight of my love is your heart.
This same truth I knew well when we drifted apart—
When I **went** out to battle with life and its woes—
Try to conquer alone its herculean foes—
With a boyish, ungovernable, ambitious spell.
I thought then, when your mother you nursed back to health,
I would lay at your feet my great wisdom and wealth;

Although now I have come with a dearth of the twain,
I will place on your shrine all the trophies that fell
To my lot in a strange foreign land, or the gain
Of tumultuous sails on the rough, rolling main."

"But Elnore—the fair girl you once won for your wife—
Why not tell me of her?" "She came into my life,
You remember, when we were estranged. Do you know
I can love only you, dear, wherever I go?

Guided on by occult and omnipotent power,
To love and protect you, I came here this hour.

All the best in my life I now offer to you,

I will promise it all with a heart that is true.

You remember our parting—you could not forget—
Yet you never will know its stern loss and regret."

"When thou camest I was dreaming sweet dreams of the
past,

I am sure I will dream of those scenes to the last.

Yet thou never couldst blame, if thou only couldst know,

What was lost to my life in the dear Long Ago.

Julian, think not, the night that thou left me alone,

That I went, with dry eyes, to the couch of my rest.

Dumb and sleepless I lay there. Almost turned to stone

Seemed my heart, as it wearily throbbed in my breast."

"Marguerite, I went out in the darkness that night,

Resolution indelibly stamped on each page

Of my life, in clear letters of golden-hued light,

Valor-guarded and brightening from youth to old age.

Yet our will power is feeble and distant is light,
When our bitterness dims our own folly in night."
"Julian, still on illegible tear-blotted pages,
Are scenes of the past I will always remember,
Where death, pain and grief were my heart's bitter wages,
Some sad as the grave—some with thoughts high as heaven,
With hopes that were reaching to life's latest even."
"Your words are still sketching those scenes, Marguerite,
Some were lovely as June—some as bleak as December—
The deep-graven scene you refer to was neither.
Although its life-breath was but perishing ether,
Composed of three elements, pure and abiding,
I say with reluctance, I then was confiding
In none of the trio for pleasures that greet
Us on earth." "Yet they only made heaven more sweet,
Julian—Hope, Love and Faith thou must mean, and if God
Gives us these, we can pass humbly under the rod.
My own faith was unbounded—my love from above—
And my hope—yes, all three—were God's infinite love.
I felt sure that thy own fiancé was still blessed
Without stint—without loss—with her fears all redressed—
I must certainly know of your doubts and your parting,
Is she now quite alone and unhappy—I ask?
For thou knowst love governs with merciless law."
"Marguerite, you have set me a pitiful task,
Yet I feel it is right to begin at the starting.
You know my resolves, but as soon as I gave

All my plannings unbiased attention, I saw
That my love was so pinioned it seemed in the grave,
Yet the tethers which bound it were fragile as straw ;
For it often would soar, from its confines, to you,
Till I felt, if I could not give love that was true,
I would sever our hasty engagement. That is—
I would tell her my doubts had dispelled all my bliss—
Yet I still to the right and my honor would cling,
If she truly desired thus to share with another,
The love, that I only could give as a brother,
To her. I would bide by my words and the ring
Should be hers—then—forever. She looked up and said—
For the while I was speaking she bowed low her head—
'There is one honest man—yes, one man who is true
To himself—to his God—and to me.' Yet she knew,
Marguerite, that I loved you, my dear. Oh, the poor
Trusting girl. It is sad beyond words to express,
How she sent me away from her home, from her door,
When she longed for such love—for such pure tenderness—
That she said I alone had the power to give,
And for whom, through the future, she gladly would live.
Yet she knew it would only bring discord and strife,
If she came to my home as an unbeloved wife ;
I have told you all now, Marguerite, as I told
Her that night."

"I think, Julian, thy courage to unfold
This sad story heroic. I knew that whatever

Thou didst would be right. True integrity never
Is hidden, because it makes purer the soul.
I will value thy honor far more than the whole
List of perishing traits, that great heroes now claim,
Blazoned bright with big head-lines that gild just the name.
And Elnore was a heroine—modest and pure—
Willing always to suffer, to trust, and endure,
For thy sake. That true happiness ever be thine,
She is watching and praying at love's shattered shrine."

XXXII.

"Marguerite, of your mother you have not yet spoken,
I am dreading to hear, yet am longing to know;
Ah! I see the thought pains you—your home-ties are
broken—
Alone you are bearing this life-crushing blow.
That you came to this place tells the story. For yours
Is a nature that silently sorrow endures—
Yet you thankfully take from this mutable life,
All the joys it can give, with its wearisome strife—
Take submissively sorrows and woes as they come."
He then quietly waits, for he knows she will tell,
When she conquers emotions that in her breast well.
She looks out to the ocean through gold-tinted gloom,
And then looks to where Julian sits on the beach,
Where her thoughts, in her loneliness, verily reach.
With a sigh she sits down at his feet on the sand—

Brushes back the soft waves of her hair with a hand
That is trembling. "Oh, Julian, I now have no home,
No near kindred on earth. Wheresoever I roam,
I must feel this stern truth. Yes, I feel it right here.
Yet our old cherished home—the lone room where my dear
Mother died—are both sacred to me as the altar,
Where faith binds its offerings of prayer—filled with love—
Hoping, trusting, and waiting for light from above.
When these scenes come before me I weaken and falter—
Am blinded with tears. Angels surely must linger
Right there, for I felt their blessed presence. The finger
Of faith pointed reverently upward to Heaven.

Faith's key unlocked heaven's golden portal,
And lo, my spirit caught a breath of love.
A dream of beauty from the courts above
That thrilled my soul with bliss immortal.

When I speak about faith, I remember those lines,
For they come to my mind, when its sweet spirit shines.
Mother's death was so peaceful, oh yes, it was beautiful.
God's living love filled the room until even,
My soul felt its sweet, soothing power. I know
That her heart-throbs were silenced by heaven-sent bliss.
Although here, her dear presence, I always must miss,
I remember her words—for she told me how dutiful,
Was my devotion and patience. Although
I deserve not this meed of my worth, to forget

Would be pain. Leaving me was her living regret—
Her entire, plaintive burden. She said that so lonely
My life in the future would be. 'If I only
Could know of one whom we could trust—all is well'—
She would say. She knew *then*, God would care for me yet.
For a still, breathing voice in her soul, seemed to tell
Her that soon I would find an unselfish, true friend,
She will feel thou hast come—my forebodings will end.
Oh, I would not forget, now my joy is complete,
That her bliss is immortal—her rapture more sweet—
Neither would I forget all the grief that was mine—
How I went from that room almost silent as death,
Choking back my wild heart-sobs to quiet my breath—
For our sorrow remembered, makes bliss more divine.
Though I longed, I feared ever to meet thee again,
For I thought that to meet, would be worse than to part,
When another claimed all the best warmth of thy heart,
Would be pain without hope, except hope filled with pain."
She knew well he was listening with interest intense,
Her deep pathos had thrilled every fiber and sense,
With strange feelings, that sunlight nor shadow could fether.
With pity—that silence could fathom the better—
He looks in her eyes—sees their lashes are wet;
With emotion he raises her hand to his lips,
It seems lifeless and cold to the pale finger-tips.
He then says: "These past years have been one long regret,
I have wandered alone in many a clime,

With a pain at my heart that seemed cruel as time,
You can measure its depth by your own—Marguerite—
But now after the bitter, we cherish the sweet,
After shadows comes sunshine—and weariness rest—
After wanderings home—and the ties we love best.
God has opened the windows of heaven, it seems,
While He poured out rich blessings to crown all our dreams
With reality—making love's severed bonds whole—
Binding all—heart to heart—mind to mind—soul to soul.
Now forever, and ever, thy God shall be mine—
Thy own faith is my faith—thy religion divine—
We will worship together at love's holy shrine.
There are thoughts that our silence the better expresses,
Its mystical truths the tongue never confesses;
Its language we feel in the depths of our souls,
Its blest fullness increases the wealth it controls,
For we find by the ocean a rest that is sweet,
Our own lives *Ne Plus Uitra*—my own Marguerite."

THE END.





APR 9 1906

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 049 6